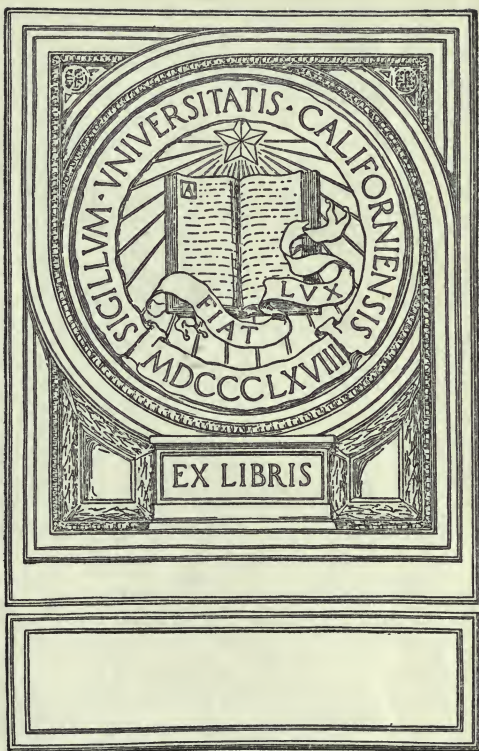


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COMMON-SCHOOL
LITERATURE

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

WITH

SEVERAL HUNDRED EXTRACTS FOR LITERARY CULTURE

BY

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"Literature is the immortality of speech."

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PREFACE.

ONE of the demands of the present day is "thin text-books;" and the demand is a reasonable one. Most subjects are too extensive to be mastered in all their details in the time that can be devoted to them in a preparatory course of study. What is required is a thorough knowledge of a few fundamental facts and principles in each branch, as a basis for future attainments. Hence the demand for small books, in which these facts and principles are given in clear and definite statements, unencumbered by unessential details. *This* is a "thin text-book"—very thin, considering its scope. It aims to give just such and so much literary information as is indispensable to the student; to show the growth of our literature through its various eras; to present a concise view of the lives and characters of its great representative authors; and to bring forth from the thought-treasures of our language a variety of literary gems for the enrichment of the mind of the student. The plan of the work is entirely new. Most works on literature are suited to impart knowledge only; this is calculated to impart both knowledge and culture—knowledge by its historic facts, culture by its philosophical development and its illustrative

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and thought-awakening extracts. It is not necessary to show the importance of memorizing such extracts. This has long been recognized by educators as one of the most efficient means of culture. Every beautiful sentiment implanted in the fertile mind of youth, is a seed-truth that will yield a perennial harvest of good thoughts developed into worthy acts. Hoping that this little work may be the means of giving a new interest to the study of pure literature, and sowing in many a heart the fructifying seeds of truth, the author herewith submits it to an indulgent public.

MILLERSVILLE, PA., SEPT. 1st., 1876.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

It is not intended that all the extracts shall be committed to memory. Let the teacher select those that are best suited to the mind of the pupil. Nor is it necessary that all the authors should be studied. If a very brief course be desirable, attention may be given to the following authors only :—

English: Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Byron, Wordsworth, Scott, Tennyson, Macaulay, and Dickens.

American: Franklin, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Hawthorne, Everett, and Emerson.

If the lessons are dictated to pupils, they should afterwards be written out and handed in as an exercise. Such exercises are excellent language lessons. It is also recommended that pupils be required to express in prose the meaning of the poetical extracts they learn. And if the teacher will supplement the extracts by reading aloud some choice selection from the same author he will add greatly to the value of the lessons. An intelligent teacher may in many ways make the work tributary to literary culture.

In regard to the extracts it is proper to say that they were sometimes chosen on account of some peculiar beauty of thought or language, and sometimes to illustrate the author's peculiarities of style. Of course no short extract can give an adequate idea of the character of a work as a whole.

The brief notices in fine print (pp. 11, 16, etc.) *are not to be recited*. They are intended to give a general view of the field of literature, and to guide the student in his future reading. *Writers on theology, medicine, law, etc., are not mentioned, unless they are also distinguished in general literature.*

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INTRODUCTION.

DEFINITIONS.—Literature is thought expressed in writing.

English Literature is the literature of the English language, wherever produced; but it is sometimes divided, for convenience, into English literature proper—the literature produced in England; and American literature—the literature produced in America.

FORMS.—Literature exists in two forms,—Poetry and Prose.

POETRY.—Poetry is imaginative composition in metrical form. It is of eight kinds,—Epic, Dramatic, Narrative and Descriptive, Lyric, Didactic, Pastoral, Elegiac, and Humorous.

An *Epic* poem is a long poetic recital of some great event. Examples: Homer's *Iliad*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Dramatic poetry is poetry in the form of dialogue. It is of two kinds,—tragedies and comedies. The finest dramas in the world are those of Shakespeare. Examples: *Hamlet* (tragedy), *Merchant of Venice* (comedy).

A *Narrative* poem is a tale in verse. A *Descriptive* poem is one that describes something. Narration and description are generally combined. Examples: Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.

Lyric poetry is poetry suitable for music. It includes Psalms, Hymns, Songs, Odes, and Sonnets. Examples: Shelley's *Skylark*, Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*, Moore's *Last Rose of Summer*, etc.

Didactic poetry is poetry designed chiefly to instruct. Examples: Pope's *Essay on Man*, Wordsworth's *Excursion*, Bryant's *Thanatopsis*.

Pastoral poetry is poetry descriptive of country life. Examples: Whittier's *Snow-Bound*, Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, Taylor's *Lars*.

Elegiac poetry is poetry commemorative of the dead. Examples: Gray's *Elegy* written in a Country Churchyard, Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

Humorous poetry is poetry of an amusing character. Examples: Cowper's *John Gilpin*, Saxe's *Proud Miss McBride*.

PROSE.—Prose is composition without metre or rhyme. It is of nine kinds,—History, Biography, Novels, Travels, Letters, Reviews, Essays, Treatises, and Discourses.

History is a record of past events. Examples: Hume's History of England, Bancroft's History of the United States.

A *Biography* is an account of the life of an individual. Example: Irving's Life of Washington. To this class belong autobiographies and diaries.

A *Novel* is a fictitious story. Among the best examples are the novels of Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens.

A Book of *Travels* is a record of the experiences and observations of a traveller. Examples: Bayard Taylor's Views Afoot, etc.

A *Letter* is a composition addressed to a particular person. Letters are generally included in biography. Example: Life and Letters of Lord Byron.

A *Review* is a long article founded on some literary work. Among the best reviews are those of Macaulay, Lowell, and Whipple.

An *Essay* is a brief and somewhat informal composition on any subject. Among the best essays are those of Lord Bacon, Addison, and Lamb (Elia).

A *Treatise* is a composition setting forth in a systematic manner the principles of some science or art. Examples: Haven's Mental Science, Brooks's Geometry.

A *Discourse* is a composition intended to be read aloud or spoken by the writer. Discourses are of five kinds,—Orations, Addresses, Sermons, Lectures, and Speeches.

PARTS.—Though English literature embraces all works written in the English language, whether produced in England or America; yet it is practically most convenient to consider the literature of each country separately, and this plan has been adopted in the present work.

Each biographical sketch will be followed by one or more extracts to be memorized; and in order to afford still further opportunity of thought-culture, and to illustrate more fully the variety and richness of our literature, a collection of literary gems will be added as a separate division.

The body of the work will consist, therefore, of three parts:—

PART I. THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

PART II. THE LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

PART III. A CASKET OF THOUGHT-GEMS.

COMMON-SCHOOL LITERATURE.

PART I.

THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

INTRODUCTION.

ORIGIN.—English literature may be said to have begun with Chaucer, about the middle of the fourteenth century. There are works that were written much earlier, but they are in a language so different from modern English that they cannot be read without a glossary. The works produced in England from about 450 to 1050 A. D., were in Anglo-Saxon, now a dead language. Those produced between 1050 and 1350 were in a dialect which was neither Anglo-Saxon nor English, but a mixture of the two, approximating more and more, toward the close of the period, to the language of Shakspeare. The dialect used during the first part of this interval, say from 1050 to 1200, is known as Semi-Saxon; that used during the last part of it is known as Old English.

PERIODS.—We find that literature at different times has different characteristics, varying with the intellectual, social, and political conditions that prevail in the nation. It is thus possible to divide the literature of a people into certain epochs or periods more or less marked. Of course there is and can be no sharp dividing line between these periods: literature is not a succession of pools, but a continuous stream, sometimes widening, sometimes narrowing, but ever flowing on. Since these divisions are to some

extent arbitrary, we have in this work fixed them at such dates as are easily remembered.

We find in English Literature nine of these periods :—

Period I. The Age of Chaucer, 1350–1400.

Period II. The Age of Caxton, 1400–1550.

Period III. The Elizabethan Age, 1550–1625.

Period IV. The Age of Milton, 1625–1660.

Period V. The Age of the Restoration, 1660–1700.

Period VI. The Age of Queen Anne, 1700–1750.

Period VII. The Age of Johnson, 1750–1800. —

Period VIII. The Age of Scott, 1800–1830.

Period IX. The Victorian Age, 1830–1875.

PERIOD I.—AGE OF CHAUCER.

1350–1400.

(Edward III., Richard II., Henry IV.)

THIS age is memorable in history on account of the military glories of Edw. III. and his heroic son the Black Prince ; by which the Saxon and Norman elements of the people were united, a national sentiment established, and the supremacy of England secured. It was also a period of religious agitation, of awakening thought, and of vigorous protest against the abuses and corruption that had invaded the church. At this time were sown, by Wyckliffe and others, the seeds that produced, more than a century later, the English Reformation under Henry VIII.

The chief literary representative of this age is our first great poet, Geoffrey Chaucer.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Geoffrey Chaucer (1328–1400), known as “the father of English poetry,” was not only the earliest of our great poets, but was also the only author of the first class that England produced till the middle of the sixteenth century. His principal work is the *Canterbury Tales*. It consists of twenty-four stories supposed to have

been told by a company of pilgrims on their way to Canterbury, with a *Prologue* and connecting narrations.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Truth is the highest thing a man may keep.

II.

Of study took he mostē* care and heed;
Not a word spake he morē than was nede,
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quicke, and ful of high sentence;
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.

Prologue: The Clerk (Student).

OTHER AUTHORS OF THIS AGE.

JOHN WYCKLIFFE (1324-1384), a learned preacher, sometimes called "The Morning Star of the Reformation," author of the first English Translation of the whole Bible.

WILLIAM LANGLAND (about 1332-1400), author of a powerful allegorical poem entitled *Piers Plowman*.

JOHN GOWER (1320?-1402), called by Chaucer "Moral Gower," author of a long, tedious poem entitled *Confessio Amantis* (A Lover's Confession).

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE (1300-1372), author of a book of Travels.

PERIOD II.—AGE OF CAXTON.

1400-1550.

(Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary.)

THIS was an age of turmoil, and it gave rise to no great author. It is celebrated in history on account of four great events:

1. The invention of printing, and its introduction into England by Caxton;
2. The Discovery of America;
3. The Wars of the Roses;
4. The Protestant Reformation in England under Henry VIII.

* In reading Chaucer it is often necessary to sound *e* final, to preserve the metre.

AUTHORS OF THIS AGE.

WILLIAM CAXTON (1412-1492), the first English printer. The first book printed in England was *The Game and Play of Chess*.

JOHN SKELTON (1460-1529), a satirical poet, first "Poet-Laureate," tutor to the Duke of York, afterwards Henry VIII., author of *Colin Clout*, *Book of the Sparrow*, etc.

SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503-1542), a statesman and lyric poet. His best poems are his love songs.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey (1516-1547), a writer of sonnets and songs, and first writer of blank verse. He was executed by the King upon an absurd charge of treason.

SIR THOMAS MORE (1480-1535), Chancellor to Henry VIII., executed because he refused to assist the King in getting a divorce from Catharine. Author of *Utopia*, a prose romance.

TYNDALE (1480-1536) and COVERDALE (1487-1568), translators of the Bible. Henry VIII. caused Tyndale to be burned.

PERIOD III.—ELIZABETHAN AGE.

1550-1625.

(Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.)

THIS is the most glorious era of English literature. No other age presents such a splendid array of great names, such originality, such creative energy; and no other has added so many grand ideas to the mental treasures of the race. Nature at this time seems to have been prodigal of great men. Within a period of eleven years (1553 to 1564) she produced three writers—Spenser, Shakspeare, and Bacon—either of whom would have made any age illustrious; besides many others, who, had they lived in any other period, would have stood in the first rank of authors.

Among the chief literary events of the age were the rise and marvellous development of the English drama, and the revision of the English Bible (Protestant version) under King James, in 1611.

Its chief historical events were the restoration of Protestant

supremacy, the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, and the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

We select as its literary representatives the three already mentioned,—Spenser, Shakspeare, and Bacon.

SPENSER. 1553-1599.

Edmund Spenser, whose name stands second on the roll of great English poets, was born in London in 1553; received a liberal education; was introduced at Court by Sir Philip Sidney; received from the Queen a grant of land in Ireland, where he spent several years of his life; finally, in 1599, was driven from his castle by a mob, and died soon after in London, at the age of forty-six. He was a man of pure character, elegant culture, and rare genius—one of the brightest ornaments of Elizabeth's reign.

His principal work is *The Faerie Queene*, a long allegory in six books, setting forth the excellence of holiness, temperance, chastity, iustice, courtesy, and friendship, under the guise of knights. It is distinguished for the fertility of its invention, the beauty of its descriptions, and the wealth of its imagery. Among the best of his other poems are his *Epithalamion*, or marriage song, *Hymns of Love, Beauty, Heavenly Love*, and *Heavenly Beauty*, and his exquisite *Sonnets*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Oh, how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!

Faerie Queene, Bk. I., Canto III.

II.

At last the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair,
And Phœbus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy hair,
And hurled his glistening beams through gloomy air.

F. Q., Bk. I., Canto V.

III.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,

That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is; else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts: but oh, the exceeding grace
 Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe?

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succor us that succor want!
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant,—
 And all for love and nothing for reward:
 Oh, why should Heavenly God to men have such regard?
F. Q., Bk. II., Canto VIII.

SHAKSPEARE. 1564-1616.

William Shakspeare, the greatest dramatist, and probably the greatest genius, of all time, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in 1564. His boyhood was passed in his native village, where, when about eighteen, he married Ann Hathaway, a woman eight years older than himself. Soon after he went to London, where he became successively an actor, a dramatist, and a theatrical manager. Having obtained both fame and fortune, he retired in 1611 to Stratford, where he died in 1616, on his fifty-second birthday.

His greatest works are his dramas, thirty-seven in number. These may be classified, as to their nature, into Tragedies and Comedies; as to their origin, into Historical and Fictitious. The historical plays may be still further divided into Authentic and Legendary. Among the best of his tragedies are *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *King Lear*; among the best comedies, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As you Like it*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*; among the best historical plays, *Julius Cæsar*, *King Henry IV.*, *King Henry V.*, and *King Richard III.*

EXTRACTS.

I.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. *Hamlet.*

II.

{ This above all—to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man. *Hamlet.*

III.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
As you Like it.

IV.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

V.

These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air ;
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. (We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.) *The Tempest.*

BACON. 1561-1626.

Sir Francis Bacon, known as Lord Bacon, was born in 1561, and died in 1626. After his graduation he spent some time in travel, then studied law, and rapidly rose from one honor to another, until

he became Viscount St. Albans and Lord High Chancellor of England. Finally, being convicted of accepting bribes, he was removed from office, banished from court, and heavily fined. Bacon was in many respects one of the greatest men that ever lived, but he is especially honored as "the father of inductive philosophy." His most profound work is *Novum Organum* (The New Organ), but his most popular one is his *Essays*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Knowledge is power.

II.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing on the vantage-ground of truth.

III.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

OTHER AUTHORS OF THIS AGE.

NON-DRAMATIC POETS.

THOMAS SACKVILLE (1536-1608), Earl of Dorset, author of *Mirror for Magistrates*.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1560-1595), a devout poet, memorable alike for his sufferings and his genius. Being a Jesuit, he died a martyr to his religion. Author of *St. Peter's Complaint*, *Magdalene's Tears*, *Content and Rich*, etc.

SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619), known as "well-languaged Daniel," author of *Musophilus*, and *History of the Wars of the Roses*.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631), author of *Polyolbion* and many other poems.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1632), known as "Holy George Herbert," author of *The Temple*, and *The Country Parson*. One of the best of our sacred poets.

DRAMATIC POETS.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593), the greatest dramatist before Shakespeare, author of *Tamburlane* and *Faustus*.

BEN JONSON (1574-1637), second to Shakespeare only, author of *Every Man in his Humor*, *Volpone*, or the Fox, *Sejanus*, etc.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, very popular in their day, wrote *Two Noble Kinsmen*, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, *Faithful Shepherdess*, and many other works. Some were written by them jointly, some by Fletcher alone.

PHILIP MASSINGER (1584-1640), author of *Duke of Milan*, *Fatal Dowry*, *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, etc.

WEBSTER, FORD, CHAPMAN, SHIRLEY, and several others, were also distinguished dramatists of the second class.

PROSE WRITERS.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586), one of the most chivalrous gentlemen and accomplished writers of this age, author of *Arcadia*, a prose romance; *Defence of Poesy*; and some beautiful Sonnets.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618), courtier, soldier, adventurer, and writer, author of *History of the World* (written in prison), and several poems of much merit. He was executed by order of James I.

ROGER ASCHAM (1515-1568), tutor of Princess (afterward Queen) Elizabeth, and author of *Toxophilus* (archery), and *The Schoolmaster*.

RICHARD HOOKER (1553-1600), a learned and eloquent divine, author of *Ecclesiastical Polity*.

PERIOD IV.—AGE OF MILTON.

1625—1660.

(Reign of Charles I. and Protectorate of Cromwell.)

THIS was an age of fierce political and religious controversy. It witnessed the trial and execution of Charles I., the wars of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, and the rise and fall of the Commonwealth and Protectorate. It was not favorable to authorship, hence but few works were produced, and these were mostly of a religious and controversial character. Of the authors who lived during this period, there were, however, a few of great excellence. Of these the most celebrated are John Milton and John Bunyan.

MILTON. 1608-1674.

John Milton, the greatest of English poets since Shakspeare, was born in 1608, and died in 1674. Having spent seven years at the university and five years in studious retirement at home, he set out, at the age of thirty, on a continental tour; but returned on the breaking out of the civil war, and soon after entered the service of Cromwell as Latin secretary, and contributed powerfully by his pen to the success of the Puritan cause. On the Restora-

tion, he was forced into retirement, and devoted himself, in poverty, blindness, and political disgrace, to the composition of his great epic.

Milton's principal poetical works are—*Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, *Samson Agonistes* (a drama), *Comus* (a masque), *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Hymn to the Nativity*.

The best of his prose works is *Areopagitica*, a *Plea for Unlicensed Printing*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Morn,

'Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hands
Unbarred the gates of light. *Par. L., Bk. VI.*

II.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love. *P. L., Bk. VIII.*

III.

Accuse' not Nature, she hath done her part,
Do thou but thine. *P. L., Bk. VIII.*

IV.

Virtue could see to do what virtue would,
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. *Comus.*

V.

A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.
Comus.

 BUNYAN. 1628–1688.

John Bunyan, at first a poor, profane tinker, wrote, after his conversion, and while confined in Bedford jail, the greatest allegory in the world, *Pilgrim's Progress*. It has been translated into nearly every language, and has probably exerted a wider influence than any other religious book except the Bible.

EXTRACT.

He that forgets his friend is ungrateful to him; but he that forgets his Saviour is unmerciful to himself.

OTHER AUTHORS OF THIS AGE.

POETS.

EDMUND WALLER (1605-1687), first a Republican, afterwards a Royalist, author of Panegyric to My Lord Protector, and many short poems. Very popular in his day.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667), once regarded as a great poet, author of *The Mistress* (or *Love Verses*), *Pindaric Odes*, *Davideis*, etc.; also of some excellent Essays.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667), a soldier and poet on the side of Cromwell, author of *Shepherd's Hunting*, *Hymns and Songs of the Church*, *Abuses Stript and Whipt* (a satire), etc.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674), a fine lyric poet, but sometimes coarse; author of *Cherry Ripe*, *Gather Rosebuds while ye may*, and other songs.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1608-1642), a Cavalier poet, author of many charming short poems and songs.

RICHARD CRASHAW (? -1650), a religious poet of rich and fervid imagination, author of *Steps to the Temple*, *Music's Duel*, *Delights of the Muses*, etc. The celebrated line, "The conscious water saw its God and blushed," is a translation of one of his Latin verses.

PROSE WRITERS.

EDWARD HYDE, Earl of Clarendon (1608-1673), an eminent Royalist statesman, author of an excellent *History of the Rebellion*.

THOMAS HOBBES (1588-1679), an eminent philosopher, author of *The Leviathan*.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682), a quaint and powerful writer, author of *Religio Medici* (*Religion of a Physician*), etc.

IZAACK WALTON (1593-1683), author of *The Complete Angler*, one of the most celebrated books of the age; and *Walton's Lives* (*lives of Wotton, Herbert, Hooker*, etc.).

THOMAS FULLER (1608-1661), a learned divine, author of *Church History*, *Worthies of England*, *the Holy and the Profane State*, etc.

JFREMY TAYLOR, D. D. (1613-1667), a great pulpit orator, author of *Holy Living*, *Holy Dying*, *Liberty of Propheying*, etc.

DR. ISAAC BARROW (1630-1677), a great mathematician (instructor of Sir Isaac Newton) and powerful preacher; author of *Mathematical Works*, *Sermons*, etc.

DR. RICHARD BAXTER (1615-1691), a great preacher and writer, author of *Call to the Unconverted*, *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, *Hymns*, etc.

PERIOD V.—AGE OF THE RESTORATION.

1660—1700.

(Reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary.)

THIS age presents a marked contrast to the preceding one. The gravity and austerity of the Puritans gave way before the flood of French tastes, French fashions, and French vices, that came in with Charles and his gay Cavaliers. Corruption and licentiousness reigned in court and camp, and literature was debased and made to pander to the false tastes and lusts of the ruling class.

Its greatest events were the restoration of the Stuarts, and the great Revolution of 1688, which resulted in the banishment of James II., and the enthronement of William and Mary.

Its greatest author was John Dryden.

 DRYDEN. 1631—1700.

John Dryden, the greatest poet of the Restoration, was born in 1631, and died in 1700. His parents were Puritans, and he was at first a great admirer of Cromwell, on whom he wrote a panegyric; but on the accession of the Stuarts he became an ardent Royalist, and addressed a flattering poem to the King. Dryden's chief defect was a lack of high principle. He wrote for present gain and popularity, not because he had any great message to deliver. Hence, though he was endowed with genius of the highest order, his life was comparatively a failure.

He wrote dramas, poems, and essays. The best of his dramas is *The Indian Emperor*. His principal poems are *Alexander's Feast: Absalom and Achitophel*, a political satire; *The Hind and Panther*, a poem in defence of the Catholic Church; and a *Translation of Virgil's Æneid*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Men are but children of a larger growth.

II.

But Shakspeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

III.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

IV.

Three poets* in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third she joined the former two.

OTHER AUTHORS OF THIS AGE.

POETS.

SAMUEL BUTLER (1612-1680), author of *Hudibras*, one of the most famous satires in the language, ridiculing the Puritans and Independents.

PROSE WRITERS.

JOHN LOCKE (1632-1704), a great philosopher, author of *Essay Concerning the Human Understanding*, etc.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON (1642-1727), the great mathematician, author of *The Principia*.

HON. ROBERT BOYLE (1627-1691), a devout philosopher, one of the founders of the Royal Society.

SIR WM. TEMPLE (1628-1699), a diplomatist, and a graceful essayist.

JOHN EVELYN, F. R. S. (1620-1706), author of *Sylva*, a *Discourse on Forest Trees*; and *Terra*, a work on Agriculture.

SAMUEL PEPYS (1632-1703) left a marvellously entertaining and important Diary, which has taken a permanent place in literature.

AMERICAN CONTEMPORARIES.

JOHN ELIOT (the "great apostle to the Indians"), and COTTON MATHER.

PERIOD VI.—AGE OF QUEEN ANNE.

1700—1750.

(Queen Anne, George I., George II.)

THE moral and religious tone of this age was not much higher than that of the last. It was characterized by a sort of superficial refinement—a refinement, not of morals and character, but of manners and language. This was especially apparent in its

* Homer, Virgil, Milton.

poetry; hence the poets of the age are sometimes spoken of as "the correct poets."

Its great events were the campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough and the Peace of Utrecht.

We select as its literary representatives Pope and Addison.

POPE. 1688-1744.

Alexander Pope, the worthy successor of Dryden to the throne of poesy, was born in 1688, and died in 1744. He was sickly, puny, and deformed in body, and therefore did not attend college; but he had a mind of wonderful clearness and vigor, was a great reader and a diligent student, and thus made himself master of several languages and acquired a vast store of information. He was a great admirer and to some extent an imitator of Dryden; but while he surpassed the latter in smoothness of versification and brilliancy of wit, he fell below him in grasp and vigor of thought.

His principal works are the *Essay on Criticism*, *Essay on Man*, *Rape of the Lock* (the finest mock-heroic poem in the language), *The Dunciad* (a satire), and a *Translation of Homer*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Essay on Man.

II.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

Essay on Criticism.

III.

Know, then, thyself; presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.

Essay on Man.

IV.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul

Essay on Man.

V.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.

Essay on Man.

VI.

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy,
 Is virtue's prize. *Essay on Man.*

VII.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
 But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace. *Essay on Man.*

ADDISON. 1672-1719.

The history of literature presents few nobler and more symmetrical characters than that of Joseph Addison. He was born in 1672, received a thorough education at Oxford, and then travelled on the Continent. A poem on the battle of Blenheim procured for him an appointment under the Government, and he rose from one position to another until he became Secretary of State, from which position he retired with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year, and died soon after, in 1719, at the age of forty-seven—full of honors, though in the meridian of life.

Addison is distinguished both in poetry and prose. His principal poetical works are his *Tragedy of Cato*, and several beautiful hymns. Among the latter is the well-known hymn beginning,—

“When all thy mercies, O my God,”

and his exquisite version of the sixth Psalm, beginning,—

“The spacious firmament on high.”*

His principal prose works are his delightful papers contributed to the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*. These papers have been commended as models of correct taste, and have exercised a powerful and salutary influence on the manners, morals, and literature of the English people. Addison's contributions are signed by one of the letters of the word CLIO.

* This poem is by some attributed to Andrew Marvel, a friend of Milton's, but on what evidence I do not know. It was published in the *Spectator* (No. 465), in one of Addison's articles, as if original, and to him it is almost universally credited.

EXTRACTS.

I.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

II.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.

Cato.

III.

When vice prevails and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is the private station.

Cato.

IV.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Cato.

OTHER AUTHORS OF THIS AGE.

POETS.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG (1684-1765), author of *Night Thoughts*.

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748), author of *The Seasons*, and *The Castle of Indolence*.

WM. COLLINS (1720-1756), a fine lyric poet, author of *Ode to the Passions*, *How Sleep the Brave*, etc. He died insane.

MATTHEW PRIOR (1664-1721), author of *Solomon*, *Alma*, and many fine lyrics.

JOHN GAY (1688-1732), author of *The Beggar's Opera*, and *Fables*.

PROSE WRITERS.

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1671-1729), one of the writers for *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. Nearly equal to Addison as an essayist.

JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's (1667-1745), a man of masculine and versatile genius, author of *Gulliver's Travels*, *The Tale of a Tub*, etc.

DANIEL DEFOE (1661-1731), author of *Robinson Crusoe*.

DR. PHILIP DODDRIDGE (1702-1751), a devout preacher, author of *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, *Family Expositor*, *Hymns*, etc.

AMERICAN: Jonathan Edwards, the great Metaphysician.

PERIOD VII.—AGE OF JOHNSON.

1750—1800.

(Part of the Reigns of Geo. II. and Geo. III.)

THE Age of Johnson occupies the last half of the eighteenth century. Like the preceding, it was critical rather than creative, and cared less about what was said than about the manner of saying it. There was, however, a higher moral tone, with greater sincerity of manner—a result greatly owing to the influence of Johnson. In poetry, the improvement was very marked. The artificialities of Pope and his imitators were abandoned, and there was a gradual return to nature and the human heart as the true sources of poetic inspiration. This improvement was begun by Thomson in the preceding age, and carried to a glorious consummation near the close of this, by Burns, Goldsmith, and Cowper.

The principal events of this age were the French Revolution, the American Revolution, and the trial of Warren Hastings.

The authors will be divided into two classes:—

I. THE POETS, represented by Goldsmith, Gray, Burns, and Cowper.

II. THE PROSE WRITERS, represented by Johnson and Burke.

I. POETS OF THE AGE OF JOHNSON.

GOLDSMITH. 1728–1774.

Oliver Goldsmith was one of the brilliant galaxy of which Johnson was the centre. He was an Irishman, full of oddities and eccentricities, and remarkable alike for his strength and his weakness. He is equally an object of laughter and of love, of pity and admiration. His style much resembles Addison's, being pure, easy, graceful, and abounding in quaint and delightful humor. (See Irving's *Life of Goldsmith*.)

His works may be divided into (1) Poetical, (2) Historical, and (3) Miscellaneous. His principal poems are *The Traveller* and

The Deserted Village. The historical works are mainly compilations. Among these are a *History of England*, *History of Rome*, *History of Greece*, *History of Animated Nature*, etc. His miscellaneous works embrace *The Vicar of Wakefield* (a novel), *She Stoops to Conquer* (a comedy), *Letters from a Citizen of the World*, and others.

The *Deserted Village*, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*, are among the masterpieces of the English Language.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long. *The Hermit.*

II.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art.
The Deserted Village.

III.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
The Traveller.

IV.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.
The Traveller.

V.

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil.
The Traveller.

VI.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

 GRAY. 1716-1771.

Thomas Gray was one of the most learned men of his day, and most of his life was that of a literary recluse. His most celebrated poem (and, indeed, one of the most celebrated ever written) is his *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. The best of his other poems are *Ode to Eton College*, *Ode to Adversity*, *The Bard*, and *Progress of Poesy*.

EXTRACT.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.—*Elegy.*

BURNS. 1759–1796.

Robert Burns, the great Scottish song writer, was born in 1759, and died in 1796. Much of his life was passed on a farm; hence he is often called “the Ayrshire Plowman.” He loved and lost Mary Campbell,—his “Highland Mary”—and afterwards married Jean Armour. Burns was a man of strong passions and weak will; hence he was unable to resist temptation, and fell into habits of intemperance which kept him in poverty and cut short a brilliant career. But with all his failings, he was a man of noble instincts and generous disposition, and his memory is cherished by all lovers of song with genuine admiration. No other name can so arouse the enthusiasm of a Scotchman as that of Robert Burns.

Burns has written a few narrative and didactic poems, but he is essentially a lyric poet, and as such has never been surpassed. Unlike Pope and his imitators, he was a true child of Nature—listened to her teachings, sympathized with her moods, and obeyed her promptings.

His “songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.”

Hence his words find a ready response in the universal heart, and his *Highland Mary*, *Bonny Doon*, *Auld Lang Syne*, and a hundred other songs, have a perennial freshness, and have become household words wherever the English language is spoken.

Among the best of Burns’s poems (in addition to his songs, which are “too numerous to mention”), are *The Cotter’s Saturday Night*, *Tam O’Shanter*, *Twa Dogs*, *To a Mouse*, *To a Mountain Daisy*, and *Man was Made to Mourn*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,—
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snow-fall in the river,
 A moment white, then melts forever.

Tam O'Shanter

II.

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
 To see oursels as ithers see us!
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us
 And foolish notion.
 What airs in dress and gait wad lea' us,
 And e'en devotion.

To a Louse.

III.

Is there for honest poverty
 Wha hangs his head and a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 Our toils obscure and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man 's the gowd, for a' that.

Honest Poverty.

COWPER. 1731-1800.

By a remarkable coincidence, Cowper's birth and death occurred exactly a century after those of Dryden. He was of noble blood, was liberally educated, and was intended for public life; but being of a morbidly sensitive nature, and subject to attacks of insanity, he passed his life in retirement. Being a great sufferer, he wrote for diversion, and thus became a great poet. Much of his success was due to the tender care and judicious counsel of two excellent women,—Mary Unwin and Lady Austin.

Cowper is distinguished for his poems and his letters. Among the best of the former are—*Lines on My Mother's Picture*, *The Task* (a long poem in 6 books), his *Hymns*, and the humorous ballad of *John Gilpin*. His letters are among the finest specimens of epistolary style in the language. They have fitly been called "talking letters."

EXTRACTS.

I.

God made the country and man made the town.
The Task, Bk. I.

II.

Variety 's the very spice of life,
 That gives it all its flavor. *The Task, Bk. II.*

III.

Domestic happiness ! thou only bliss
 Of Paradise, that has survived the fall.
The Task, Bk. III.

IV.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. *The Task, Bk. V.*

V.

God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.—*Hymn.*

 OTHER POETS OF THIS AGE.

JAMES BEATTIE (1735-1803), Prof. of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen, author of *The Minstrel*, and a celebrated prose work, *Essay on Truth*.

THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752-1770), the boy poet, who deceived nearly all the scholars of his age by his imitations of Old English Poetry.

 II. PROSE WRITERS OF THE AGE OF JOHNSON.

JOHNSON. 1709-1784.

Samuel Johnson was born at Litchfield in 1709, and died in 1784. He attended Oxford, but left for want of money ; married a woman old enough to be his mother ; opened a school, but failed for want of pupils ; and finally went to London, without money or friends, to seek employment for his pen. After untold hardships he succeeded in raising himself above want, and placing

himself at the head of the English writers of the age. Notwithstanding a repulsive exterior and disgusting habits, he deservedly enjoyed the friendship and admiration of the greatest men and women of the kingdom. His conversational powers were of the highest order, and he is as much distinguished for his sayings, recorded by his biographer, Boswell, as for his writings.

Johnson had a great fondness for long, sonorous words, and balanced sentences. Indeed, so marked was his style in these respects, that it has been called "Johnsonese," or "Johnsonian style." (See Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.)

He wrote both poetry and prose. His principal poems are *London*, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, and his tragedy of *Irene*. His chief prose works are his contributions to *The Rambler*, *Rasselas* (a romance), *Lives of the Poets*, and an *English Dictionary*. The latter was a prodigious work for one man, and forms an enduring monument to his learning and industry.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.

II.

Whoever wishes to attain an English style familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

III.

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed. *London.*

IV.

Each change of many-colored life he drew,
Exhausted worlds and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toiled after him in vain.*

*Prologue spoken by Garrick at the opening of
Drury Lane Theatre.*

* Of course the reference is to Shakspeare.

BURKE. 1730-1797.

Among the friends of Dr. Johnson was the great orator, Edmund Burke. He was a man of fine culture, and genius of the highest order.

His most celebrated works are—*An Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, Reflections on the French Revolution, Letter to a Noble Lord* (the Duke of Bedford), and his great *Speech on the Impeachment of Warren Hastings*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.

II.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.

III.

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

OTHER PROSE WRITERS OF THIS AGE.

HISTORICAL.

DAVID HUME (1711-1776), an infidel philosopher, author of *History of England*.

EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794), author of *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON (1721-1793), a Scotchman, author of *History of Scotland, History of Charles V. of Germany, and History of America*.

FICTITIOUS.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON (1689-1761), author of *Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe, and Sir Charles Grandison*.

HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754), author of *Joseph Andrews, Tom Jones, and Amelia*.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT (1721-1771), author of *Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, and Humphrey Clinker*.

LAWRENCE STERNE (1713-1768), an irreligious parson, author of *Tristram Shandy and Sentimental Journey*.

✓ HANNAH MORE (1745-1833), author of *The Inflexible Captive* and other dramas; *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*, and other tales; and some very useful works on Education. She was a great favorite of Dr. Johnson's.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

JUNIUS, supposed to be Sir Philip Francis (1740-1818), author of the celebrated Letters of Junius.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751-1816), a great orator, and author of School for Scandal.

HORACE WALPOLE (1717-1797), author of Castle of Otranto (a romance), and celebrated for his letters, which have been published in nine volumes.

THEOLOGICAL AND METAPHYSICAL.

THOMAS REID, D. D. (1710-1796), a distinguished Scotch metaphysician, author of An Inquiry into the Human Mind, etc.

WM. PALEY, D. D. (1743-1805), author of Natural Theology, Horæ Paulinæ, etc.

JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY, founders of Methodism, eminent as scholars, preachers, and hymnists.

RICHARD CHALLONER, D. D. (1691-1781), a learned Bishop of the Catholic Church, author of an English Version of the Bible, Church History, etc.

AMERICAN CONTEMPORARIES.

Benj. Franklin, Thos. Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, and other writers of the Period of the Revolution.

PERIOD VIII.—AGE OF SCOTT.

1800-1830.

(Part of the reign of Geo. III., and reign of Geo. IV.)

THE Age of Scott, sometimes called the Age of Romantic Poetry, extends from the beginning of the present century to the death of George IV., in 1830. The reaction from the correct and artificial school of poetry, which had been begun nearly a century earlier by Thomson, and carried on by Burns and Cowper, was now complete, and reached its culmination in the metrical romances of Scott and the impassioned outbursts of Byron and Shelley. Much of the romantic character of the literature of the age is probably due to the influence of the collection of folk-songs or ballads, published a little earlier (1765) by Bishop Percy. We know that Scott was powerfully influenced by them, and their ef-

fects can be distinctly traced in all subsequent poetry, even to the present day. (See Lockhart's Life of Scott.)

The principal historical events of the age were the downfall of Napoleon and the war of 1812.

The authors will be divided into two classes:—

I. THE POETS, represented by Byron, Shelley, Moore, Keats, Campbell, and Wordsworth.

II. THE PROSE WRITERS, represented by Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Wilson, De Quincey, and Lamb.

Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Wilson, and Campbell were distinguished both in poetry and prose.

I. POETS OF THE AGE OF SCOTT.

LORD BYRON. 1788–1824.

George Gordon Noel Byron, the most splendid genius of the age, was born in London in 1788. He graduated at Oxford, and then travelled for about two years. On his return he married Miss Milbanke, who left him in about a year, soon after the birth of their daughter, Ada. He then quitted England forever, and passed the rest of his life, in the grossest dissipation, on the Continent, mostly in Switzerland and Italy. In 1824 he went to Missolonghi to assist the Greeks in their struggle for liberty, where he died in the same year, at the age of thirty-six, thus gloriously ending an inglorious and wretched life.

Byron was a great genius, but not in the best sense a great poet. He was great in a small way. Instead of giving voice to the healthful impulses and aspirations of the universal heart, he filled the universe with the scoffs and sneers and fancied woes of Lord Byron. His works contain some magnificent descriptions, fine imagery, and noble sentiments; but their general tone is misanthropic, irreligious, immoral, and therefore unhealthful.

His finest poem—and, indeed, one of the grandest poems of

the century—is *Childe Harold*. Among the best of his other works are—*The Dream*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Mazeppa*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *Parisina*, *The Giaour*, and *The Siege of Corinth*. His longest and most brilliant poem is *Don Juan*, but it is unfit to read, on account of its coarseness. Beside these he wrote *Cain*, *Manfred*, *Marino Faliero*, and several other dramas. These contain powerful passages, but are on the whole very defective on account of their want of variety in action and characters. (See “Life and Letters of Lord Byron,” by Thomas Moore.)

EXTRACTS.

I.

Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.

II.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

III.

All who joy would win,
Must share it; Happiness was born a twin.

IV.

The sky is changed! and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!—not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now has found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

Childe Harold, C. III., St. 92.

SHELLEY. 1792–1822.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, the most poetical of all poets, was born in 1792, and was drowned in the Bay of Spezzia, Italy, in 1822. He is the author of several powerful dramas and of some long narrative and descriptive poems, but he is essentially a lyric poet, and as such is unexcelled. *The Skylark*, *The Sensitive Plant*,

and *The Cloud* are embodiments of the very spirit of poesy, and shine with "the light that never was on land or sea."

EXTRACT.

1. Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

3. In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

6. All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

13. Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

21. Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.
 The Skylark (selected stanzas).

MOORE. 1779-1852.

Thomas Moore, the great Irish song writer, was born in Dublin in 1779, and died in 1852. His principal poetical works are his exquisite Oriental tale entitled *Lalla Rookh*, and his songs and hymns, many of which—such as *The Last Rose of Summer*, *Those Evening Bells*, *Come ye Disconsolates*, etc.—are known and sung wherever the English language is spoken.

EXTRACT.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy.
They come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Farewell! but whenever, etc.

 KEATS. 1796-1821.

John Keats, a young poet of the highest promise, died in 1820, at the age of twenty-four. His principal poems are *Endymion*, *Hyperion*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, and *Ode to a Nightingale*. They are characterized by a profusion of beautiful imagery, and great wealth of classical learning and allusion.

EXTRACTS.

I.

The poetry of earth is never dead.

II.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever. *Endymion.*

 CAMPBELL. 1777-1844.

Thomas Campbell was distinguished as a poet and a prosist. His principal poems are—*Pleasures of Hope*, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, *Lochiel's Warning*, *O'Connor's Child*, and *Hohenlinden*. His principal prose work is his *Lectures on Poetry*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled.

Pleasures of Hope.

II.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Pleasures of Hope.

III.

To live in hearts we leave behind.

Is not to die.

Hallowed Ground.

IV.

Triumphal Arch, that fill'st the sky

When storms prepare to part,

I ask not proud Philosophy

To tell me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,

A midway station given,

For happy spirits to alight

Betwixt the earth and heaven.

To the Rainbow.

WORDSWORTH. 1770-1850.

William Wordsworth, the principal of the "Lake Poets," was born in 1770, was educated at Cambridge, passed a tranquil and uneventful life, and died at Rydal Mount in 1850,—the Poet-Laureate of England, and loved and admired by all the world. In him poetry reached its completest emancipation from the artificiality of the age of Queen Anne. The love of nature expressed in the lines,—

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"

pervades all his works, and forms their leading characteristic. For this reason he may appropriately be called "the English Bryant," just as Bryant may be called "the American Wordsworth." He is now, by common consent, placed next to Milton on the roll of great poets.

Wordsworth's principal work is *The Excursion*, a long philosophical poem in blank verse; but most readers prefer his shorter poems, such as *Ode on Immortality*, *Ode to Duty*, *Tintern Abbey*, *Lucy*, *We are Seven*, etc.

EXTRACTS.

I.

The child is father of the man,

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety. *The Rainbow.*

II.

O reader ! had you in your mind
 Such stores as silent thought can bring,
 O gentle reader ! you would find
 A tale in everything.

Simon Lee.

III.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

Ode on Immortality.

OTHER POETS OF THIS AGE.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER, "Barry Cornwall" (1790-1874), a fine lyric and dramatic poet, author of *Dramatic Scenes*, *Mirandola* (a tragedy), *English Songs*, *Memoir of Charles Lamb*, etc.

REV. WM. LISLE BOWLES (1762-1850), author of some exquisite sonnets, etc.

JOHN KEBLE (1792-1866), a fine sacred poet, author of *The Christian Year*, *Lyra Innocentium*, several Tracts for the Times, etc.

SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1855), author of *Pleasures of Memory*, and *Italy*.

JOANNA BAILLIE (1762-1851), author of *Plays on the Passions*, *Family Legend*, and other dramas ; also some religious and miscellaneous works.

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS (1794-1835), author of *Vespers of Palermo*, a tragedy ; and of *Graves of the Household*, *Casabianca*, *Landing of the Pilgrims*, and other popular poems.

LETITIA E. LANDON, afterwards Mrs. McLean (1802-1838), author of *The Lost Pleiad*, *The Improvisatrice*, *Crescentius*, and many other poems ; also *Romance and Reality*, and other novels.

REV. GEORGE CRABEE (1754-1832), a vigorous and graphic narrative poet, author of *The Library*, *The Village*, *The Parish Register*, *Sir Eustace Gray*, etc. He is almost painfully realistic and truthful.

BISHOP HEBER (1783-1826), author of "From Greenland's icy mountains," and other beautiful hymns.

ROBERT POLLOK (1799-1827), author of *The Course of Time*, once very popular.

THOMAS HOOD (1798-1845), a great wit and humorist, also author of some

very touching serious poems, among them *The Death-bed*, *The Bridge of Sighs*, *Song of the Shirt*, etc.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854), author of *Greenland*, *Pelican Island*, *Hymns*, etc.

JAS. SHERIDAN KNOWLES (1784-1862), a distinguished dramatist, author of *Virginius*, *The Wife*, *The Hunchback*, *William Tell*, etc.

SCOTT and several others who are sometimes classed as poets, will be considered under the head of prose writers.

AMERICAN CONTEMPORARIES.

Robert Treat Paine, Joseph Rodman Drake, and Fitz-Greene Halleck.

II. PROSE WRITERS OF THE AGE OF SCOTT.

SCOTT. 1771-1832.

Sir Walter Scott, the great Scotch poet and novelist, was born in Edinburgh, in 1771. He was not a profound scholar, but being a great reader and having a wonderful memory, he acquired a vast amount of historical and legendary lore, which he poured forth in boundless profusion in his works.

Scott was truly a great man. Great in poetry, great in prose, great in character,—he was great also in misfortune. Having accumulated a large fortune, and built himself a fine mansion known as Abbotsford, he lost everything by the failure of a publishing house, and was plunged in debt to the amount of over half a million dollars. Undismayed, he applied himself, though nearly sixty years old, to the payment of this immense sum, and succeeded, though at the expense of his life. In 1832, broken in mind and body, he died, amid the lamentations of all Scotland, and was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

Scott's works are of three classes: 1. Poems, 2. Novels, 3. Miscellaneous.

His principal poems are *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and *Marmion*.

His novels, known as the Waverley Novels, twenty-nine in number, are among the greatest creations of human genius.

Among the best of them are—*Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *Old Mortality*, *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, *Legend of Montrose*, *Ivanhoe*, and *Kenilworth*.

The most celebrated of his miscellaneous works are *Tales of a Grandfather*, *Life of Napoleon*, and *History of Scotland*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring up in the human heart.

II.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

III.

Oh, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that 's broken.

Lord of the Isles.

IV.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and gods above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

SOUTHEY. 1774-1843.

Robert Southey is sometimes classed among the poets, but his best writings are in prose. He was one of the most industrious and prolific authors of the age. His best prose works are his *Life of Nelson*, *Life of Cowper*, and *Life of Wesley*. His best poems are *Thalaba* and *Curse of Kehama*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Call not that man wretched who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love.

II.

How beautiful is night!
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud nor speck nor stain
 Breaks the serene of heaven:
 In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark blue depths;
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert circle spreads
 Like the round ocean girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is night!

Thalaba.

COLERIDGE. 1772-1834.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth were intimately associated, and belong to the group called the "Lake Poets." Coleridge, like Southey, is greater in prose than poetry, though great in both. He was one of the greatest thinkers and talkers that ever lived; but he lacked continuity of thought, hence he has left no works commensurate with his great genius.

Among his best prose works are—*Aids to Reflection, The Friend, Lectures on Shakspeare, Lay Sermons, Table Talk, and Biographia Literaria*. His chief poems are *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Religion is the most gentlemanly thing in the world.

II.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand.

III.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
 The good great man?—three treasures,—love, and light,
 And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
 And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,—
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel death. *Reproof.*

PROF. WILSON. 1785-1854.

Prof. John Wilson, who sometimes wrote under the name of "Christopher (or Kit) North," was long the editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and Professor in the University of Edinburgh. He wrote poems and novels that were well received, but his reputation rests chiefly upon his critical *Essays*, and the brilliant series of articles published under the title of *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. His style is very beautiful and attractive.

EXTRACT.

For every sort of suffering there is sleep provided by a gracious Providence, *save that of sin.*

DE QUINCEY. 1785-1859.

Thomas De Quincey, known as "The English Opium Eater," was one of the most brilliant writers of the age. He was a man of wonderful genius and learning, but, like Coleridge, lacked continuity of purpose. Macaulay says of him that "he finished nothing but his sentences." His style is unsurpassed by any English writer. His chief works are his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* and *Essays*.

EXTRACT.

Far better, and more cheerfully, I could dispense with some part of the downright necessities of life, than with certain circumstances of elegance and propriety in the daily habits of using them.

LAMB. 1775-1834.

Charles Lamb, who wrote under the name of "Elia," excelled as an essayist and a letter writer. The essays of Elia have a subtle and peculiar charm of style that can nowhere else be found; and that will always render Lamb a favorite among cultivated people.

EXTRACT.

How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft silvery tones render her positively attractive!

In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child, and cheers the weary husband!

OTHER PROSE WRITERS OF THIS AGE.

HISTORICAL.

HENRY HALLAM (1778-1859), author of *History of the Middle Ages*, *Constitutional History of England*, and *Literature of Europe*.

JOHN LINGARD (1771-1851), author of *History of England*, from a Roman Catholic point of view, written with great candor, learning, and ability.

THOS. ARNOLD, of Rugby (1795-1842), *History of Rome*, and *Lectures on Modern History*.

FICTITIOUS.

WM. GODWIN (1756-1836), author of *Caleb Williams*, *St. Leon*, and other novels; also of *Life of Chaucer*, *Political Justice*, etc.

COUNTESS D'ARBLAY (1752-1840), daughter of Dr. Burney, author of *Evelina*, etc.

MARIA EDGEWORTH (1767-1849), author of *Early Lessons*, *Parent's Assistant*, *Castle Rackrent*, etc.

JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817), author of *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, etc.

JOHN GALT (1779-1839), a prolific Scotch writer, author of *Ayrshire Legatees*, *Annals of a Parish*, etc.

MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD (1786-1855), author of *Our Village*, *American Tales*, etc.

CAPT. MARRYATT (1792-1848), author of *Midshipman Easy*, *Peter Simple*, *Jacob Faithful*, etc.

SCIENTIFIC.

DUGALD STEWART (1753-1828), Prof. of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, author of *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, etc.

JEREMY BENTHAM (1748-1832), a bold and original writer on legal and political science.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

WM. GIFFORD (1756-1826), a satirist and slashing reviewer, long editor of *The London Quarterly*.

SIR JAS. MACKINTOSH (1765-1832), a statesman, a college professor, and brilliant writer on ethical, political, and historical subjects.

WM. HAZLITT (1778-1830), author of several volumes of critical Essays.

SYDNEY SMITH (1771-1845), Canon of St. Paul's, one of the wittiest and ablest of the contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*.

LORD JEFFREY (1773-1850), a very able essayist, long editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

LORD BROUGHAM (1779-1868), a great scholar, orator, statesman, and reviewer.

J. G. LOCKHART (1794-1854), son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, author of *Life of Scott*, Gifford's successor as editor of the *London Quarterly Review*.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864), author of *Imaginary Conversations*, and some very graceful Poems.

LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859), a genial poet and critic, author of *Rimini*, *The Palfrey*, *A Legend of Florence*, etc.

MRS. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD (1743-1825), a distinguished teacher, author of *Early Lessons for Children*, *Hymns in Prose*, etc.

THEOLOGICAL.

DR. THOMAS CHALMERS (1780-1847), a powerful and learned preacher, leader of the Free Church of Scotland, Prof. of Theology in the University of Edinburgh, etc., and author of *Astronomical Discourses*, *Natural Theology*, *Christian Evidences* and many other works. One of the greatest men that Scotland has ever produced.

AMERICAN CONTEMPORARIES.

William Wirt, John James Audubon, Chancellor Kent, and Chief Justice Marshall.

PERIOD IX.—VICTORIAN AGE.

1830-1875.

(Reigns of William IV. and Queen Victoria.)

THE Victorian Age has been one of great productiveness in literature, science, and invention. Its poetry, which is both abundant and excellent, has a marked peculiarity, being of a more reflective and thoughtful character than formerly, and being penetrated through and through with the scientific ideas of the period. In prose literature this deserves to rank as our golden age. More great works have been produced in history, in philosophy, in science, and above all in fiction, than in any other era of the world's history. Indeed, so great have been the amount, variety, and excellence of its productions in the latter department, that it has by some writers been denominated "the age of prose fiction."

The only historical event of this age that has affected the literature of England, is the Crimean war.

The authors will be divided into two classes :—

I. THE POETS, represented by Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Robert Browning, Jean Ingelow, Swinburne, and Morris.

II. THE PROSE WRITERS, represented by Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, Lord Lytton, George Eliot, Sir William Hamilton, Darwin, Carlyle, and Ruskin.

I. POETS OF THE VICTORIAN AGE.

TENNYSON. 1810—

The truest representative and completest embodiment of the poetic genius of the Victorian age is Alfred Tennyson, Poet-Laureate of England. Its fine culture; its analyzing, inquiring, doubting spirit; its subtlety of thought and daintiness of phrase,—are all shown in their highest perfection in the works of this great poet.

Alfred Tennyson was born in 1810, was educated at Cambridge, and now lives at Petersfield, Hampshire. He is a man of refined tastes, wide culture, profound thought, and studious and retired habits; and the beauty and purity of his works are but reflection of the character of the man.

The following are among his finest poems: *The May Queen*, *Locksley Hall*, *the Princess*, *In Memoriam*, *The Talking Oak*, *Maud*, *Enoch Arden*, and *Idyls of the King*.

Of those named, probably the greatest are *In Memoriam* and *The Idyls of the King*. The former is a lament for the untimely death of his bosom-friend, Arthur Hallam, son of the historian; the latter is a sort of metrical romance, celebrating the lives and adventures of the mythical King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table.* *The Princess* also is a great poem. It is a

*See Bulfinch's "Age of Chivalry," where the romances of Arthur are given in detail.

poetical discussion of the nature of woman, and her relation to man and to society; and it serves as a setting for a number of exquisite songs, such as *Sweet and Low*, *The Bugle Song*, etc. Tennyson's latest work is a drama entitled *Queen Mary*. It is an interesting historical study, but not a great drama, and adds nothing to the author's fame.

EXTRACTS.

I.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
 I feel it when I sorrow most,—
 'T is better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all.

In Memoriam, 84.

II.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'T is only noble to be good;
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

III.

I sometimes hold it half a sin
 To put in words the grief I feel,
 For words, like nature, half reveal
 And half conceal the soul within.

In Memoriam, 5.

IV.

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
 Likesome of the simple great ones gone
 Forever and ever by;
 One still strong man in a blatant land,
 Whatever they call him, what care I?—
 Aristocrat, autocrat, democrat—one
 Who can rule, and dare not lie.

Maud, X., 5.

 MRS. BROWNING. 1809-1861.

In the opinion of a very competent critic,* Elizabeth Barrett Browning was not only "the greatest female poet that England has produced, but more than this, the most inspired woman, so far as

* Edmund Clarence Stedman ("Victorian Poets," p. 115).

known, of all who have composed in ancient or modern tongues, or flourished in any land or clime." Elizabeth Barrett was born in 1809, received a fine classical education, married the poet Robt. Browning, and died in Italy in 1861. She was a woman of delicate health, much of the time an invalid,—a fact that must be borne in mind in estimating her genius. Had her physical strength been equal to her mental, she might have equalled, if not surpassed, the Poet-Laureate himself.

Her greatest poem is *Aurora Leigh*. Among the best of her other poems are—*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, *Casa Guidi Windows*, *Bertha in the Lane*, *Cowper's Grave*, *The Cry of the Human*, *The Cry of the Children*, *A Child Asleep*, *He Giveth His Beloved Sleep*, and her *Sonnets*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

A happy life means prudent compromise.

Aurora Leigh.

II.

All actual heroes are essential men,
And all men possible heroes.

Aurora Leigh.

III.

It takes a soul
To move a body; it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses.

Aurora Leigh.

IV.

As the moths around a taper,
As the bees around a rose,
As the gnats around a vapor,
So the spirits group and close
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its repose.

A Child Asleep.

V.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift of grace surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

VI.

Truth is large. Our aspiration
 Scarce embraces half we be.
 Shame! to stand in His creation,
 And doubt Truth's sufficiency! *The Dead Pan.*

ROBERT BROWNING. 1812-

Robert Browning, husband of Mrs. E. B. Browning, is by many regarded as one of the greatest poets of the age. Most of his works are dramatic, his finest dramas being *Pippa Passes*, *A Blot on the Scutcheon*, and *Colombe's Birthday*. Of his other works, *The Ring and the Book* is the longest, and it is also one of the greatest, both in its faults and its merits. All his works exhibit great power, but the style of most of them is so elliptical and obscure as to baffle and repel ordinary readers. His only popular poems are his shorter ones, most of which are among the very best of their class. Among these are—*Evelyn Hope*, *Ratisbon*, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, *My Lost Duchess*, and *Herve Riel*.

MEETING.

The gray sea, and the long, black land,
 And the yellow half-moon large and low,
 And the startled little waves, that leap
 In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
 As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
 And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach,
 Three fields to cross, till a farm appears,
 A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
 And blue spurt of a lighted match,
 And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
 Than the two hearts beating each to each.

MISS INGELOW. 1830-

Jean Ingelow, on the death of Mrs. Browning, became "by divine right" the queen of English song. She is a true lyric poet. Her poems are the spontaneous, soulful utterances of one who, bird-

like, sings because she "cannot choose but sing." Among her most beautiful poems are—*Songs of Seven, The Letter L., Songs of the Night Watches, Songs with Preludes, Songs on the Voices of Birds, and High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire.* She has also written *Off the Skelligs*, and one or two other novels; and several volumes of stories for children, of which *Mopsa the Fairy* is the best. All her works have an immense sale, both in England and America.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Are there voices in the valley,*
Lying near the heavenly gate?
When it opens, do the harp-strings,
Touched within, reverberate?
When, like shooting stars, the angels
To your couch at nightfall go,
Are their swift wings heard to rustle?
Tell me! for you know.

A Mother showing the Portrait of her Child.

II.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow-daffodils stately and tall!
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,
God that is over us all!

Seven Times Four. Maternity.

III.

We know they music made
In heaven, ere man's creation,
But when God threw it down to us that strayed,
It dropt with lamentation,
And ever since doth its sweetness shade
With sighs for its first station. *A Cottage in a Chine.*

IV.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known,
For lack of listeners are not said.

Afternoon at a Parsonage.

*The valley of Childhood. Compare Wordsworth's line—

SWINBURNE. 1843-

Algernon Charles Swinburne is the most distinguished of the younger English poets. One of his chief merits is his absolute mastery of all the resources of the English language, both as to vocabulary and rhythm. His chief defects are mysticism or obscurity of style, and sensuousness of tone amounting in his earlier poems (*Laus Veneris*, for example) to sensuality.

His principal works are—*Atalanta in Calydon*, *Chastelard*, *A Song of Italy*, and *Bothwell*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

No man doth well, but God hath part in him.

II.

But ye, keep ye on earth
 Your lips from over-speech;
 Loud words and longing are so little worth,
 And the end is hard to reach;
 For silence after grievous things is good,
 And reverence, and the fear that makes men whole,
 And shame, and righteous governance of blood,
 And lordship of the soul.

Atalanta in Calydon.

III.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
 Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
 Thy sweet, hard kisses are strong like wine,
 Thy large embraces are keen like pain!
 Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
 Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
 Those pure, cold, populous graves of thine,
 Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

Atalanta in Calydon.

MORRIS. 1834-

William Morris is the greatest narrative poet we have had since Chaucer, whose disciple he is, and whom in his simplicity and antique manner he greatly resembles. His principal works are *The Life and Death of Jason* and *The Earthly Paradise*.

EXTRACT.

(Description of Pygmalion's meeting with the statue with which he had fallen in love, after Venus had made it a living woman.)

Yet while he stood and knew not what to do,
 With yearning, a strange thrill of hope there came,
 A shaft of new desire now pierced him through,
 And therewithal a soft voice called his name ;
 And when he turned, with eager eyes aflame,
 He saw betwixt him and the setting sun
 The lively image of his loved one.

He trembled at the sight, for though her eyes,
 Her very lips, were such as he had made,
 And though her tresses fell but in such guise
 As he had wrought them, now was she arrayed
 In that fair garment that the priest had laid
 Upon the goddess on that very morn,
 Dyed like the setting sun upon the corn.

Speechless he stood, but she now drew anear,
 Simple and sweet as she was wont to be,
 And once again her silver voice rang clear,
 Filling his soul with great felicity,
 And thus she spoke : " Wilt thou not come to me,
 O dear companion of my new found life ?—
 For I am called thy lover and thy wife."

The Earthly Paradise.

OTHER POETS OF THIS AGE.

REV. F. W. FABER (1815-1863), distinguished equally in poetry and prose ; author of *Cherwell Water-Lily*, *Styrian Lake*, *Sir Lancelot*, etc., poems ; and of *All for Jesus*, *Growth in Holiness*, *Ethel's Book*, and other prose works.

MRS. C. E. S. NORTON (1808-), granddaughter of R. B. Sheridan, author of *The Undying One*, *The Child of the Islands*, *Aunt Carry's Ballads*, *Stuart of Dunleith* (a romance), and many other works.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER, the "golden-tressed Adelaide" (1825-1864), daughter of B. W. Procter, author of *One by One*, *Words*, *A New Mother*, and many other exquisite poems.

COVENTRY PATMORE (1823-), author of *the Angel in the House*, etc.

GERALD MASSEY (1828-), a self-made poet, author of *The Babe Christabel*, *Craigrook Castle*, *The Wee White Rose*, etc., some very beautiful.

CHARLES MACKAY, LL. D. (1814-), author of *Voices from the Crowd*, *Town Lyrics*, and other poems ; also many prose works.

"OWEN MEREDITH," now Lord Lytton (1831-), son of the great novelist, author of *Lucille*, and *Fables in Verse*.

ROBERT BUCHANAN (1841-), author of *Idyls and Legends of Inverburn*, *London Poems*, etc.

SYDNEY DOBELL (1824-1874), author of *How's the Boy*, *The Milkmaid's Song*, *Home Wounded*, *Tommy's Dead*, etc. A young poet of striking and original genius.

AMERICAN CONTEMPORARIES.

Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Taylor, Stedman, Aldrich Alice Cary etc., etc.

II. PROSE WRITERS OF THE VICTORIAN AGE.

MACAULAY. 1800-1859.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, the most brilliant critical and historical writer of the Victorian age, was born in 1800. He graduated at Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in scholarship and literature, and afterwards studied law. He was many years a member of Parliament, filled several important positions under the government, was raised to the peerage in 1857, as Baron Macaulay, and died in 1859. Every position he filled with honor and ability, but his chief distinction was achieved by his writings, the principal of which are his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, *Essays*, and *History of England*. His ballads, *Horatius at the Bridge*, *The Battle of Ivry*, etc., are full of life and vigor; his essays are the most magnificent productions of their kind in the whole range of English literature; and his *History of England* is the most popular history that ever was written. The aggregate sale of the third and fourth volumes of the latter, in the first four weeks after their publication, was over 150,000 copies!

Macaulay is the finest rhetorician, both as to diction and style, of all English writers. His language is pure, and his sentences clear, harmonious, and strong, and so varied, as to length and structure, as to give the utmost ease and pleasure to the reader. Indeed it may be questioned whether in some cases he is not too oratorical; whether he does not sometimes forget the force of his

words, and overstate a fact for the sake of a sonorous period or a fine antithesis. After making every deduction, however, we may safely pronounce him one of the greatest of English prose writers.

EXTRACTS.

I.

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom !

Essay on Milton.

II.

The real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality, in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart, in the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect, in the consolation which it bears to the house of mourning, in the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave.

Review of Southey's Colloquies on Society.

III.

We often hear of the magical influence of poetry. The expression in general means nothing; but, applied to the writings of Milton, it is most appropriate. His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words; but they are words of enchantment: no sooner are they pronounced than the past is the present, and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence; and all the burial places of the memory give up their dead.

Essay on Milton.

IV.

[Though greatly overrunning our limits, we cannot refrain from giving the following extract, which for magnificence of style and sublimity of thought has never been surpassed.]

Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world; all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into feeble slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed

their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of ten thousand masts,—her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

On the Athenian Orators.

DICKENS. 1812–1870.

Charles Dickens, one of the greatest novelists of all time, was born in 1812. When of proper age he began to study law, but abandoned it, and became a reporter for a London newspaper. While thus employed he began writing “Sketches of Life and Character,” which were afterwards collected as *Sketches by Boz*. They were well received, and thus encouraged he went on producing novel after novel, winning fortune and fame, until 1870, when he died.

It was Dickens’s mission to portray the lives of the poor and lowly; to delineate their wrongs and wretchedness; to show that purity, goodness, and true nobility may dwell in the hovel as well as in the palace, and thus to preach humanity to man. For this his genius was admirably fitted; and it is impossible to estimate the amount of good his writings have done, the number of tears they have wiped away, the amount of innocent and healthy amusement they have given.

Among the best of his novels (for all are good, though in different degrees) are—*Pickwick Papers*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *David Copperfield*, *Dombey and Son*, *Our Mutual Friend*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Great Expectations*, and *Christmas Stories*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, sincere earnestness.

II.

I love these little people ; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us. .

III.

When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he sets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps, there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.

THACKERAY. 1811-1863.

William Makepeace Thackeray, another great novelist, was born in 1811. He received a good education, and afterwards studied painting for some years, intending to make himself an artist. He did become an artist, and a great one, too, but not in the way he intended. Instead of an artist of the pencil he became an artist of the pen.

If we compare Thackeray and Dickens, it is impossible to say which was the greater. Probably they were equally great, though in different ways. Thackeray had the wider culture ; Dickens, the greater genius. The former held up to ridicule the follies of the higher classes of society ; the latter reached the same result by describing the miseries of the lower. Thus both labored for the good of society and placed themselves among the benefactors of the race.

Among the greatest of Thackeray's novels are—*Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Henry Esmond*, *The Virginians* (a sequel to *Esmond*), and *The Newcomes*. Besides these he is the author of two admirable courses of lectures on *The Four Georges* and *The English Humorists*, which contain some of the finest criticism in the language.

EXTRACTS.

I.

If fun is good, truth is better, and love best of all.

II.

Might I give counsel to any young hearer, I would say to him. Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life, that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what great men admired; they admired great things: narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.

English Humorists, Lecture IV.

LORD LYTTON. 1805-1873.

Sir Edward George Bulwer-Lytton (formerly Bulwer), who was born in 1805, and died in 1873, is another novelist of the first class. Indeed, Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer-Lytton may be said to form the great triumvirate of Victorian novelists, legitimate and worthy successors of the great "Wizard"* of the preceding age. Which is the greatest is a matter of opinion, some preferring one, some another. Lord Lytton is more learned and metaphysical than the others, and seems to delight in the region of the magical and supernatural, as in *Zanoni* and *A Strange Story*. Most of his characters are drawn from high life, with which he was most familiar, and he particularly excels in the delineation of love.

His principal works are—*Pelham*, *Eugene Aram*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Rienzi*, *The Caxtons*, and *Kenelm Chillingly*—the latter published since his death. He is also author of two excellent dramas, *Richelieu* and *The Lady of Lyons*, and a number of poems and poetical translations.

EXTRACTS.

I.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or to supply the want of it.

II.

Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee,—a king's garden none to the butterfly.

* Scott is often called "The Wizard of the North."

GEORGE ELIOT. 1820-

1880 Dec. 23

Mrs. Marian C. Lewes (formerly Evans), whose literary name is "George Eliot," is the greatest female novelist that England has produced, the greatest probably (unless George Sand be an exception) that ever lived. She is as supreme in fiction as Mrs. Somerville in science, and Mrs. Browning in poetry. She was born in 1820, and is the wife of the author George H. Lewes.

Her principal works are—*Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Romola*, *Felix Holt the Radical*, *Silas Marner*, *Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda*.

Besides these she has published *The Spanish Gypsy* (a drama), and *Jubal and other Poems*, but her poems, though good, add nothing to her great reputation.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds.
Adam Bede.

II.

There are few prophets in the world, few sublimely beautiful women, few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities; I want a great deal of these feelings for my everyday fellowmen, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy.
Adam Bede.

SIR WM. HAMILTON. 1788–1856.

Sir William Hamilton was born in 1788, educated at Oxford, afterwards studied law, was for thirty-five years a professor in the University of Edinburgh, and died in 1856. He was the greatest mental philosopher of his age, probably the greatest of all time. Not that he was a greater thinker or added more to the science of mind than Aristotle or Locke or even than Reid, of whom he was a disciple; but that he knew more, possessing as he did the accumulated learning of all the others, increased by the results of his own reasoning. And great as was his command

over all the stores of learning, ancient and modern, his mastery over the power of expression was scarcely less remarkable. His style has been pronounced "a model of philosophical writing."

His principal works are his *Essays from the Edinburgh Review*, his *Edition of Reid's Works*, and his *Lectures*.

EXTRACT.

As concerns the quantity of what is to be read, there is a single rule,—Read much, but not many works (*multum non multa*).

DARWIN. 1809—

Charles Darwin, F. R. S., is an eminent naturalist, and the chief advocate, if not the author, of what is known as the "Darwinian (or evolution) Theory." His principal works are—*The Variation of Animals and Plants*, *The Origin of Species*, *The Descent of Man*, and *Expression in Man and Animals*.

EXTRACT.

[The following extract is given, partly to exhibit the author's style, and partly to show how complacently he accepts the result of his own theory.]

There can hardly be a doubt that we are descended from barbarians. . . . [And] he who has seen a savage in his native land will not feel much shame, if forced to acknowledge that the blood of some more humble creature flows in his veins. For my own part, I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper; or from that old baboon who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs,—as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions.

CARLYLE. 1795—1881 Feb. 5

Thomas Carlyle, one of the most original and vigorous writers of the age, was born in Scotland in 1795, and was educated at the University of Edinburgh. He is almost a worshipper of power, whether mental, physical, or political; hence his chief heroes are Mohammed, Cromwell, Napoleon, and Frederick the Great. He

is somewhat eccentric, both in thought and style, having been influenced in both these respects by his study of German literature.

His greatest works are—*Sartor Resartus*, *Hero Worship*, *The French Revolution*, *Life of Frederick the Great*, and several volumes of *Essays*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Earnestness alone makes life eternity.

II.

Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove—perhaps, alas! as a hemlock forest—alter a thousand years.

X RUSKIN. 1819-

John Ruskin is the greatest art-critic of his time. He was born in 1819, was educated at Oxford, and is now Professor of Art in that University. He is one of the greatest masters of prose composition. In beauty of style he is unequalled by any author of the century except De Quincey and Macaulay.

His most celebrated works are *Modern Painters*, *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and *Stones of Venice*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility.

II.

Every great man is always being helped by everybody, for his gift is to get good out of all things and all persons.

III.

SUNRISE IN THE ALPS.

[We give the following extract, though it is long, to show what poetry and sublimity a great master can throw into a single sentence. It is only part of a description, all of which is equally sublime.]

Wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the

mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning—their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath, as it passes by, until the whole heaven, one scarlet canopy, is interwoven with a roof of waving flame and tossing vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels: and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with love and fear of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this His message unto men!

OTHER PROSE WRITERS OF THIS AGE.

HISTORICAL.

/ GEORGE GROTE (1794-1876), author of *History of Greece*, *Plato and the Other Companions of Socrates*. Grote's *History of Greece* is the best ever published.

CONNOP THIRLWALL (1797-1876), author of *History of Greece*.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON (1792-1867), author of *History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Accession of Napoleon*, 18 vols.; and *Life of Marlborough*.

/ JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (1818-), author of *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth*, 12 vols.; *Short Studies on Great Subjects*; *History of Ireland*.

HENRY HART MILMAN (1791-1868), author of *History of Christianity*, *History of Latin Christianity*, etc.

/ REV. CHARLES MERIVALE (1808-1874), author of *History of the Romans*, *Conversion of the Roman Empire*, *Conversion of the Northern Nations*.

/ ARTHUR HELPS (1818-1875), author of *Friends in Council*, *Companions of My Solitude*, *Social Pressure*, *Conquerors of the New World*, etc.

/ JOHN FORSTER (1812-1876), author of *Essays*, *Life of Landor*, *Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, *Life of Goldsmith*, *Life of Dickens*, etc.

/ MISS AGNES STRICKLAND (1806-), author of *Queens of England*, *Queens of Scotland*, *Bachelor Kings of England*. Assisted by her sister Elizabeth.

FICTITIOUS.

/ RT. HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI (1805-), a distinguished statesman, at present (1876) Premier of England; author of *Vivian Grey*, *The Young Duke*, *Henrietta Temple*, *Contarini Fleming*, *Coningsby*, *Sibyl*, *Lothair*, and several other novels; also *Life of Lord Bentinck*. Now Earl of Beaconsfield.

/ ANTHONY TROLLOPE (1815-), author of *La Vendee*, *Orley Farm*, *Barchester Towers*, *Framley Parsonage*, *The Bertrams*, *Ralph the Heir*, etc.;

also the West Indies and the Spanish Main, Travels in North America, Travels in Australia, etc. (Mrs. Trollope, his mother, was also a novelist: so is his brother, T. Adolphus Trollope.)

CHARLES READE (1814-), a novelist of the first class, author of Peg Woffington, Christie Johnstone, Never Too Late to Mend, White Lies, Griffith Gaunt, Put Yourself in His Place, etc.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875), author of Alton Locke, Westward Ho, Yeast, Hypatia, etc.

CHARLES LEVER (1806-1872), author of Harry Lorrequer, Charles O'Malley, Jack Hinton, etc. Unequalled in his delineations of Irish life and character.

SAMUEL LOVER (1797-1868), Irish, author of Rory O'More, Handy Andy, novels; and Angels Whisper, Molly Bawn, and other popular songs.

SAMUEL WARREN, LL.D. (1807-), author of Ten Thousand a Year (a very amusing novel), and some law treatises.

G. P. R. JAMES (1801-1860), author of Edward the Black Prince, Riche-lieu, and many other novels; also several biographical works.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË (1816-1855), author of Jane Eyre, Shirley, and Vil-lette, three excellent novels.

WILKIE COLLINS (1824-), author of Life of William Collins (his father); also of The Dead Secret, No Name, Woman in White, and other novels.

MRS. CRAIK, formerly Dinah Maria Mulock (1826-), author of John Halifax, Gentleman; The Ogilvies; The Woman's Kingdom; A Brave Lady, and various other novels.

THOMAS HUGHES (1823-), author of School Days at Rugby, Tom Brown at Oxford; also Life of King Alfred, and Memorials of a Brother.

GERALD GRIFFIN (1803-1840), an Irish novelist and poet of rare genius, author of Holland Tide, The Collegians, and other tales; also of Gille Machree and other popular poems.

EDMUND YATES, G. A. SALA, GEORGE MACDONALD, MRS. WOOD, MISS YONGE, and many others, have also written novels of great popularity.

SCIENTIFIC.

JOHN STUART MILL (1806-1873), a profound thinker and great writer; author of System of Logic, Political Economy, Essay on Liberty, etc.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE (1822-1862), author of History of Civilization.

HERBERT SPENCER (1820-), one of the greatest of the Darwinian philosophers, author of Social Statics, Principles of Psychology, Education, etc.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER (1781-1868), author of Natural Magic, More Worlds than One, Lives of Newton, Galileo, Kepler, etc.

SIR CHARLES LYELL (1797-1875), author of Elements of Geology, Travels in North America, Antiquity of Man, etc.

HUGH MILLER (1802-1856), self-educated geologist, author of Old Red Sandstone, Footprints of the Creator, Testimony of the Rocks, My Schools and Schoolmasters, etc.

MRS. MARY SOMERVILLE (1780-1872), the most learned woman of her age, author of Connection of the Physical Sciences, Physical Geography, etc.

WM. WHEWELL, D. D. (1795-1866), a writer of wonderful attainments, author of *History of the Inductive Sciences*, *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, *The Plurality of Worlds*, etc.

JOHN TYNDALL (1820-), author of *Heat a Mode of Motion*, *On Sound*, *Fragments of Science*, *Hours of Exercise*, etc.

THOS. HENRY HUXLEY, F. R. S. (1825-), author of *Man's Place in Nature*, *Comparative Anatomy*, *Protoplasm*, *Lay Sermons*, etc.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

PROF. MAX MÜLLER (1823-), author of *Science of Language*, 2 vols.; *Chips from a German Workshop*, 4 vols.

RT. HON. WM. E. GLADSTONE (1809-), the leading Liberal statesman of England, author of *Juventus Mundi*, *Homeric Studies*, etc.

EARL OF DERBY, E. G. S. Stanley (1793-1869), an English statesman, and author of a fine Translation of *Homer*.

MRS. ANNA JAMESON (1797-1860), the ablest female prosist of the age, author of *Characteristics of Women*, *Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art*, etc.

THEOLOGICAL.

DEAN STANLEY (1815-), author of *Life of Arnold*, *Commentary on Corinthians*, *Sinai and Palestine*, etc.

RICHARD WHATELY, D. D. (1787-1863), Archbishop of Dublin, author of *Rhetoric*, *Logic*, *Political Economy*, *New Testament Difficulties*, etc.

R. C. TRENCH, D. D. (1807-), Abp. of Dublin, author of *Notes on the Parables*, *Notes on the Miracles*, *Lessons on the Proverbs*, *On the Study of Words*, *English Past and Present*, *Poems*, etc.

HENRY ALFORD, D. D. (1810-1871), Dean of Canterbury, author of *Edition of New Testament*, *The Queen's English*, *Poems*, etc.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON (1834-), the most popular preacher of England, author of several volumes of sermons, *Morning by Morning*, *Evening by Evening*, *John Ploughman's Talks*, etc., etc.

HIS EMINENCE NICHOLAS WISEMAN, S. T. D. (1802-1865), Cardinal and Abp. of Westminster, one of the greatest scholars and writers of his age; author of many doctrinal works, also of a large number of lectures on Religion and Science, *Self-Culture*, *Literature*, *Art*, and other popular subjects.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D. D. (1801-), a writer of rare excellence, author of *Loss and Gain* (a religious novel), *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, etc.

KENELM H. DIGBY (1800-), author of *Mores Catholici*, *The Lover's Seat*, *The Children's Bower*, *Evenings on the Thames*, *Poems*, etc.

(Many eminent theologians are omitted from this list for the reason stated at the bottom of page iv.)

AMERICAN CONTEMPORARIES.

Cooper, Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Ticknor, Motley, Everett, Webster, etc.

PART II.

THE LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

INTRODUCTION.

ORIGIN.—American Literature may be said to have begun in 1640, the year in which the first book was printed in this country.

This was the *Bay Psalm Book*. Most of the books produced in America before this time may be regarded as English books, as they were not only printed in England, but were also intended mainly for English circulation.

PERIODS.—American Literature is divided, in this work, into three Periods :—

- I. The Colonial Age, 1640–1760.
 - II. The Revolutionary Age, 1760–1830.
 - III. The National Age, 1830–1875.
-

PERIOD I.—THE COLONIAL AGE.

1640–1760.

[Embracing, in English history, the last nine years of the reign of Charles I., the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Queen Anne, George I., and George II.]

THIS age was unfavorable to literary production. It was an age of fighting rather than writing. The colonists, engaged in a constant struggle for existence, had but little time to devote to literary pursuits; hence they left us but few works of permanent and universal interest.

Most of the literature of this age is theological. This is owing

to two causes: 1. That learning was mostly confined to the clergy; and 2. That the mingling of various sects, in a time of strong religious feeling, naturally provoked much theological discussion.

Its chief literary representatives are Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards.

COTTON MATHER. 1663-1728.

Rev. Cotton Mather was one of the most learned and remarkable men that New England has ever produced. He was born in 1663, graduated at Harvard at the age of fifteen, taught for some years, was ordained at twenty-one, and from that time till his death, in 1728, devoted himself with unflagging zeal to preaching and authorship. Like many other great men of that day, he was a firm believer in witchcraft, and assisted in the persecution of the poor wretches accused of it; but this was an error of the head, not of the heart; and he was, take him for all and all, one of the greatest and best men of his age.

His principal work is a history entitled *Magnalia Christi Americana*, from which we derive much of our knowledge of those times. The most celebrated of his other works are *Memorable Providences Relating to Witchcraft*, and *The Wonders of the Invisible World*, which is an account of several witch trials.

EXTRACT.

You are young and have the world before you; stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many a hard thump.*

EDWARDS. 1703-1758.

Rev. Jonathan Edwards, an eloquent preacher and profound metaphysician, was born in Connecticut in 1703, and died at Princeton, N. J., in 1758. He was for two years a tutor in Yale College, and at the time of his death was President of the College of New Jersey, but most of his life was spent in preaching. His

* This advice was given to Benjamin Franklin after he had bumped his head against a beam that extended across a passage-way in Mather's house.

great work, *An Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will*, is one of the profoundest metaphysical works ever written, and insures the author a permanent place among the great thinkers of the world. Said Robert Hall, "I consider Jonathan Edwards the greatest of the sons of men."

EXTRACT.

Surely there is something in the unruffled calm of nature that overawes our little anxieties and doubts: the sight of the deep-blue sky and the clustering stars above seems to impart a quiet to the mind.

OTHER AUTHORS OF THIS AGE.

JOHN ELIOT (1604-1690), "the apostle to the Indians," who translated the Bible into an Indian dialect. This was the first Bible printed in America.

MRS. ANN BRADSTREET (1612-1672), wife of Gov. Bradstreet, the first American poetess, author of *The Four Elements*.

REV. INCREASE MATHER (1635-1723), father of Cotton Mather, and author of *Remarkable Providences*, etc. He was a very learned man, and was for some years President of Harvard College.

JOHN WOOLMAN (1720-1773); a noted Quaker preacher. His principal work is his *Journal*, which has been edited by the poet Whittier.

ENGLISH CONTEMPORARIES.

* This age is nearly coextensive with the ages of Milton, Dryden, and Pope. (See *English Literature*, pp. 17, 20, 21.)

PERIOD II.—REVOLUTIONARY AGE.

1760-1830.

(Embracing, in English history, the reigns of George III. and George IV.)

IN this age was fought, with tongue and pen and sword, the great battle of political independence. During all this period, before and during and after the Revolution, till our liberties were fully secured and established, the chief subjects of thought and discussion were the rights of man and the principles of government. As a consequence, the literature of the age, both in prose and poetry, is almost exclusively of a political and patriotic character.

The authors of this age will be divided into two classes :—

I. THE POETS, represented by Drake and Halleck.

II. THE PROSE WRITERS, represented by Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Dwight, and Audubon.

I. POETS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY AGE.

DRAKE. 1795-1820.

Joseph Rodman Drake was a young poet of brilliant promise, who died in 1820, at the early age of twenty-five. He was the author of two celebrated poems, *The American Flag* and *The Culprit Fay*. The latter, which was written on a wager, in three days, is a fairy tale, the scene of which is laid on the banks of the Hudson.

EXTRACT.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there !
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,
 And striped its pure celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light;
 Then, from his mansion in the sun,
 She called her eagle-bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

The American Flag.

NOTE.—The last four lines of this poem, as written by Drake, were as follows :—

“And fixed as yonder orb divine
 That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
 Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
 The guard and glory of the world.”

These were rejected, and the following, by Fitz-Greene Halleck, which are inferior to them, both in poetic beauty and clearness, were substituted :—

“Forever float that standard sheet !
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?”

HALLECK. 1795-1867.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, though he lived till a recent date, won all his literary celebrity before 1830, and therefore belongs in this age. He was an intimate friend of Drake's, and wrote some beautiful lines on his death. He was for many years confidential adviser to John Jacob Astor, and died in New York in 1867.

Halleck's poems are few, but of great excellence—clear, manly, and spirited. His principal poem, *Marco Bozzaris*, is one of the very finest heroic odes in the English language.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

Lines on the Death of Drake.

II.

For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

Marco Bozzaris.

OTHER POETS OF THIS AGE.

PHILIP FRENEAU (1752-1832), author of many political and miscellaneous poems.

JUDGE FRANCIS HOPKINSON (1737-1791), author of a once celebrated humorous poem, *The Battle of the Kegs*.

JUDGE JOSEPH HOPKINSON (1770-1842), son of the preceding, and author of *Hail Columbia*.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE (1773-1811), author of the poem *Adams and Liberty*.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1779-1843), author of *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

CLEMENT C. MOORE (1779-1863), author of *A Visit from St. Nicholas* ('T was the night before Christmas," etc.); also of a Hebrew and Greek Lexicon, etc.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH (1785-1842), author of *The Old Oaken Bucket*.

MRS. MARIA BROOKS (1795-1845), surnamed by Southey "Maria del Occidente" (Maria of the West), author of *Zophiel* and other poems.

II. PROSE WRITERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY AGE.

FRANKLIN. 1706-1790.

Benjamin Franklin, one of the finest examples of a self-made man that history affords, was born in Boston in 1706. Beginning life as a tallow-chandler's boy, he rose step by step until he became one of the greatest philosophers and statesmen of his age; and, having filled many high offices of profit and trust, and contributed powerfully to the establishment of our government and the improvement of mankind, he died in Philadelphia, full of honors as of years, in 1790.

His works fill several large volumes. They consist of his *Autobiography*, his moral, political, and philosophical *Essays*, and his *Correspondence*. Some of his short pieces, such as *The Whistle*, *The Grindstone*, and the *Dialogue with the Gout*, have found their way into a large number of school readers; and his wise sayings known as *Poor Richard's Maxims*, are as familiar as the Proverbs of Solomon.

EXTRACTS.

I.

God helps them that help themselves.

II.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing.

III.

If you would learn the value of money, go and try to borrow some, for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

IV.

There are two ways of being happy,—we may either diminish our wants or increase our means: either will do—the result is the same.

V.

Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

JEFFERSON. 1743-1826.

Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, third President of the United States, was a fine scholar, a wise statesman, and a good and great man. He was born in 1743, and died on July 4, 1826*—the fiftieth anniversary of American independence.

Jefferson is the author of *Notes on Virginia* and other valuable works; but his greatest work is the *Declaration of Independence*. Of all our great men, he is the truest representative of republican ideas, and he probably did more than any other to shape the destinies of our country.

EXTRACTS.

I.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

II.—A DECALOGUE.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils that have never happened!
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

HAMILTON. 1757-1804.

Alexander Hamilton, who was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr, in 1804, was distinguished as a soldier, a statesman, and a writer. He was Secretary of the Treasury under Washington, and to him is due the honor of bringing order out of chaos, and establishing

* By a wonderful coincidence, John Adams, another of the great founders of our nation, died on the same day.

the finances of the country upon a firm basis. His fame as a writer rests chiefly upon his contributions to *The Federalist*, in which are expounded the principles of the Constitution.

EXTRACT.

The native brilliancy of the diamond needs not the polish of art; the conspicuous features of preëminent merit need not the coloring pencil of imagination, nor the florid decorations of rhetoric.

Eulogium on Gen. Greene.

 DWIGHT. 1752-1817.

Dr. Timothy Dwight, one of the most distinguished presidents of Yale College, was also distinguished as an author. In prose his principal work is *Theology Explained and Defended*. In poetry his best works are *Columbia, Greenfield Hill*; and some versions of the Psalms, among which the most popular is that beginning,—

“I love thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thy abode,
 The church our bless'd Redeemer saved
 With his own precious blood.”

EXTRACT.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world and the child of the skies!
 Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold
 While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
 Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time;
 Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
 Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name,
 Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

Columbia.

 AUDUBON. 1780-1851.

John James Audubon is celebrated in literature for his great work entitled *The Birds of America*, in four volumes, folio, magnificently illustrated by four hundred and thirty-five colored plates, the whole costing originally one thousand dollars a copy. He and his sons subsequently published a work entitled *Quadrupeds of America*. His ornithology is celebrated no less for the

truth and beauty of its descriptions than for the excellence of its illustrations.

EXTRACT.

Where is the person who, on observing this *glittering fragment of the rainbow*,* would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence towards the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation?

OTHER PROSE WRITERS OF THIS AGE.

¹ JOHN ADAMS (1735-1826), second President of the United States, author of many political papers. His Letters to his Wife are the most popular of his writings.

¹ JAMES MADISON (1751-1836) fourth President of the United States, celebrated for his papers in *The Federalist*, etc.

JOHN WITHERSPOON, D. D., LL. D. (1722-1794), President of Princeton College, signer of the Declaration, and a prolific and able writer on various subjects.

WM. ELLERY CHANNING, D. D. (1780-1842), an eloquent preacher and refined writer, author of *Evidences of Christianity*, *Self-Culture*, *Sermons*, etc.

DR. DAVID RAMSAY (1749-1815), born in Lancaster Co., Pa., but most of his life a resident of South Carolina. He wrote *History of South Carolina*, *History of the United States*, *Universal History*, *Life of Washington*, etc.

¹ WASHINGTON ALLSTON (1779-1843), artist, poet and prosist; author of *The Sylphs of the Seasons*, *Romance of Monaldi*, *Lectures on Art*, etc.

¹ WM. WIRT (1772-1834), a great lawyer, and author of *The British Spy* and *Life of Patrick Henry*.

ALEXANDER WILSON (1766-1813), a great ornithologist, but little inferior to Audubon.

¹ JUDGE KENT (1763-1847), author of *Commentaries on American Law*.

¹ JUDGE STORY (1779-1845), author of a *Commentary on the Constitution of the United States*, and various other legal treatises.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL (1755-1835), author of a *Life of Washington*.

ENGLISH CONTEMPORARIES.

This age in American Literature is nearly co-extensive with the ages of Johnson and Scott, in English Literature. (See pages 25, 32.)

* The humming-bird.

PERIOD III.—NATIONAL AGE.

1830-1875.

(Embracing, in English history, the reigns of Wm. IV. and Victoria.)

WE have called this period "The National Age," because now for the first time our literature began to assume a national importance and to show signs of a distinct national life. In the preceding ages it had been, apart from works of local and temporary interest, insignificant in amount and imitative in character; but with the advent of Cooper, Irving, Bryant, and Emerson, it began to challenge the attention of the world, and to show the results of American thought and culture. There still remained, however, the diffidence of youth, and a sort of intellectual dependence on the mother country; and it required the rude shock of our civil war and the revulsion of feeling caused by the unfriendly attitude of England, to teach us that manly self-reliance which is essential to great achievement, in individuals or nations. The guns of Sumter were the signal, not only for the social emancipation of three million slaves, but also for the intellectual emancipation of thirty millions of freemen; and the great Civil War will undoubtedly mark the beginning of a new literary era. Already new forces are at work and new tendencies developing, as in the dialect poems of Harte and Hay; but what will be the final result cannot yet be determined.

The authors of this period, being numerous, will be divided into two classes:—

I. THE POETS, represented by Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Poe, Saxe, Read, Boker, Taylor, Alice Cary, Aldrich, Stedman, Holland, Harte, and Miller.

II. THE PROSE WRITERS, represented by Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Motley, Cooper, Hawthorne, Stowe, Everett, Webster, Agassiz, Emerson, Whipple, White, Bishop, England, Parker, Beecher, and Addison Alexander.

I. POETS OF THE NATIONAL AGE.

—

x. BRYANT. 1794-1878, 12th of June

William Cullen Bryant, the oldest and in some respects the best of living American poets, was born at Cummington, Mass., in 1794. After receiving a thorough education and devoting himself for some years to the study and practice of law, he connected himself, in 1826, with the New York Evening Post, of which he is now chief editor and proprietor. He lives at Roslyn, Long Island.

Among his finest poems are the following: *Thanatopsis*, *Death of the Flowers*, *Forest Hymn*, *Green River*, *The Evening Wind*, *Song of the Stars*, *Song of the Sower*, *The Planting of the Appletree*, *Waiting at the Gate*, and *The Flood of Years*. The first of these was written at the age of eighteen, the last at the age of eighty-two. These two points mark the extremes of a literary career remarkable no less for its brilliancy than its extent.

Besides his original poems, he has published an excellent *Translation of Homer*, and several books of travel.

Bryant may appropriately be called the American Wordsworth, being characterized by the same minute and reverent observation of nature, and the same deep religious feeling, that appear in the works of that great poet; but in classic dignity of style and purity of diction he is Wordsworth's superior.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies amid his worshippers. *The Battlefield.*

II.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them; ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back

The sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood,
 Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication. *Forest Hymn.*

III.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow ;
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea.
The Evening Wind

IV.

So live that, when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,—
 Thou go, not like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
Thanatopsis.

LONGFELLOW. 1807-1882 March 24

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the most popular of living poets, was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807. He graduated at Bowdoin College in the class of 1825, and afterwards, at various times, further enriched his mind by European study and travel. For twenty-five years (1829 to 1854) he filled a professorship in college, six years in Bowdoin, and nineteen years in Harvard.

He lives at Cambridge, Mass., in an old house once occupied by General Washington as his headquarters. To this fact he alludes in his poem, *To a Child*, in which he says,—

“Once, ah, once within these walls,
 One whom memory oft recalls,
 The father of his country dwelt.”

Prof. Longfellow has been twice married. His first wife

died at Rotterdam, Holland, in 1835; his second wife was burned to death in 1861, her clothes having accidentally taken fire while playing with the children.

The following are some of Mr. Longfellow's most popular poems: *Evangeline*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, *The Building of the Ship*, *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, *Santa Filomena*, *The Bridge*, *The Builders*, *Resignation*, *The Day is Done*, *The Hanging of the Crane*, and *Morituri Salutamus*.

He is also author of three popular prose works,—*Outre Mer*, *Hyperion*, and *Kavanagh*,—and of an excellent poetical *Translation of Dante*.

Mr. Longfellow's chief characteristics are simplicity, grace, and refinement. Of imagination and passion he has but little. He does not often startle his readers by the utterance of a new and striking thought, but he perpetually charms them by presenting the ordinary sentiments of humanity in a new and more attractive garb.

EXTRACTS.

I.

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

The Builders.

II.

There is no death; what seems so is transition;
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian
 Whose portal we call death. *Resignation.*

III.

Be not like a stream that brawls
 Loud with shallow waterfalls,
 But in quiet self-control
 Link together soul and soul. *Songo River.*

IV.

Alike are life and death,
 When life in death survives,
 And the uninterrupted breath
 Inspires a thousand lives. *On Charles Sumner.*

V.

Up soared the lark into the air,
 A shaft of song, a winged prayer,
 As if a soul, released from pain,
 Were flying back to heaven again. *The Sermon of St. Francis.*

VI.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.

+

WHITTIER. 1808-

John Greenleaf Whittier was born at Haverhill, Mass., in 1808. While a boy he worked with his father on a farm, sometimes assisting, during the winter months, in making shoes. His education was obtained in the schools of his native village. On becoming of age he became editor of a paper, and has ever since devoted himself to literature. He is unmarried, and has resided, since 1840, at Amesbury, Mass.

Whittier has written much both in prose and poetry, but is chiefly distinguished as a poet. Among his most popular poems are—*Maud Muller, Barbara Frietchie, My Psalm, My Playmate,*

Snow-Bound, Among the Hills, A Tent on the Beach, Mabel Martin (The Witch's Daughter revised), and *Centennial Hymn*. His principal prose works are *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches*, and *Literary Recreations*.

In Whittier's poems we find masculine vigor combined with womanly tenderness; a fierce hatred of wrong, with an all-embracing charity and love. In his anti-slavery and patriotic lyrics, "he seems," as Whipple says, "to pour out his blood with his lines," so terrible is his energy; but in most of his poems, especially his later ones, we find only the calm earnestness of the inquirer after truth, combined with the sublime faith and prayerful resignation of the true Christian. He lacks Longfellow's wide and elegant culture, but surpasses him in real poetic genius, and ranks next to him in popularity.

EXTRACTS.

I.

I pray the prayer of Plato old,—
 God make thee beautiful within,
 And let thine eyes the good behold
 In everything save sin. *My Namesake.*

II.

The riches of a commonwealth
 Are free, strong minds and hearts of health;
 And more to her than gold or grain,
 The cunning hand and cultured brain. *Our State.*

III.

For still in mutual sufferance lies
 The secret of true living;
 Love scarce is love, that never knows
 The sweetness of forgiving. *Among the Hills.*

IV.

The clouds which rise with thunder, slake
 Our thirsty souls with rain;
 The blow most dreaded falls to break
 From off our limbs a chain;
 And wrongs of man to man but make
 The love of God more plain;
 As, through the shadowy lens of even,
 The eye looks farthest into heaven,

On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew. *All's Well.*

LOWELL. 1819-

James Russell Lowell, poet, essayist, and critic, was born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1819, graduated at Harvard, and has for more than twenty years been Professor of Belles-Lettres in that institution.

Prof. Lowell is about equally distinguished in poetry and prose. Among the best of his poems are—*The Biglow Papers*, *The Present Crisis*, *Sir Launfal*, *A Glance Behind the Curtain*, *Under the Willows*, *Commemoration Ode*, *The First Snowfall*, *Longing*, and *The Changeling*.

His principal prose works are his three volumes of essays and reviews, two of which are entitled *Among My Books*, and the other *My Study Window*.

Lowell excels in so many things that it is difficult to say what is his leading characteristic. Probably nowhere else in the whole range of contemporary literature can be found such versatility combined with such excellence. In some of his poems we most admire his wit, in others his delicacy and pathos, in others his fine descriptive power, in others his airy fancy, in others the daring sweep of his imagination and the terrible energy of his passion; and always and everywhere there is an ease and facility of movement that makes us feel that he is not putting forth half his strength. But with all his excellence he is not a popular poet, like Longfellow. He is too subtle and profound; requires too much thought on the part of the reader. This is particularly the case in his later poems. These are not only difficult but obscure, so that reading them is to ordinary minds not a pleasure but a task. His great learning and his thought-power seem to have got the better of his poetic sensibility, and to have spoiled a great poet to make a great critic.

As an essayist and reviewer he has no living superior. His knowledge is extensive, his judgment sound, and his style both brilliant and forcible.

EXTRACTS.

I.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then if ever come perfect days;
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Sir Launfal.

II.

All that hath been majestical
 In life or death since time began,
 Is native in the simple heart of all,
 The angel-heart of man.
Incident in a R. R. Car.

III.

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,
 To the humblest and the weakest 'neath the all-beholding sun,
 That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
 Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all the race.
On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves.

IV.

Get but the truth once uttered, and 't is like
 A star new-born that drops into its place,
 And which once circling in its placid round,
 Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.
A Glance behind the Curtain.

V.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
 That through the soul come thronging,
 What one was e'er so dear, so kind,
 So beautiful, as longing?
 The thing we long for, that we are
 For one transcendent moment,
 Before the present, poor and bare,
 Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife
 Glows down the wished ideal,
 And Longing moulds in clay what Life
 Carves in the marble real.
 To let the new life in, we know,
 Desire must ope the portal;
 Perhaps the longing to be so
 Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing.

VI.

What a man pays for bread and butter is worth its market value, and no more; what he pays for love's sake is gold indeed, which has a lure for angels' eyes, and rings well upon God's touchstone.

HOLMES. 1809—

Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of the most witty, original, and brilliant writers of the present day, was born in 1809. He is a graduate of Harvard College, and has for many years been a medical lecturer in that institution.

He is distinguished both in poetry and prose. His lyrics, such as *Union and Liberty*, *Old Ironsides*, *Welcome to all Nations*, etc., are among the most spirited and beautiful in the language; and his humorous poems, such as *The One-Hoss Shay*, *My Aunt*, etc., have an irresistible quaintness and drollery, combined with that tender and kindly feeling which is always a characteristic of true humor. Some of his happiest efforts are the poems written for class reunions and other special occasions. Of these, *Our Boys* and *Bill and Joe* are good examples.

Dr. Holmes is not only one of the wittiest, but also one of the wisest of our writers. His works, particularly his prose works, present a succession of the most brilliant and original thoughts, which fill the mind of the reader with ever recurring wonder and delight. The best of his prose works is the series of papers contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the title of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. These were followed by *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, *Elsie Venner* (a novel), *The Guardian Angel* (a novel), and *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers, who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;

Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

The Voiceless.

II.

Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.

Evening—by a Tailor.

III.

By every hill whose stately pines
Wave their dark arms above
The home where some fair being shines,
To warm the wilds with love,
From barest rock to bleakest shore
Where farthest sail unfurls,
That stars and stripes are streaming o'er,—
God bless our Yankee Girls!

Our Yankee Girls.

IV.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

V.

Men, like peaches and pears, grow sweet a little while before
they begin to decay.

VI.

The best part of our knowledge is that which teaches us where
knowledge leaves off and ignorance begins.

POE. 1811-1849.

Edgar Allan Poe, a brilliant but erratic genius, was born in Baltimore in 1811. Left an orphan at an early age, he was adopted by Mr. Allan, a wealthy gentleman of Baltimore, who gave him excellent opportunities of culture. He was sent to the University of Virginia, from which he was expelled; and afterwards entered the Academy at West Point, with a similar result. After that he led a wild and irregular life, alienating his benefactor and bringing wretchedness and disgrace upon himself; and finally died in Baltimore, in 1849, from the effects of intemperance and exposure.

He was the author of several weird and powerful romances—

among them *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *The Gold Bug*, and *The Murders of the Rue Morgue*—and a number of poems, the most remarkable of which are *The Raven* and *The Bells*. Both of these poems are wonderful productions,—the first for its beauty of rhythm and its almost unearthly sadness; the second for the perfection of its harmony,—its exquisite adaptation of sound to sense.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door;
Only this, and nothing more." *The Raven.*

II.

The Romans worshipped their standard, and the Roman standard happened to be an eagle. Our standard is only one-tenth of an eagle,—a dollar,—and we make all even by loving it with ten-fold devotion.

SAXE. 1816-

John Godfrey Saxe, one of the best of our humorous poets, was born in Vermont in 1816, and graduated at Middlebury College. He studied law, but has devoted most of his life to literary pursuits. He resides at present in Brooklyn, N. Y.

As a humorist he resembles Hood, being remarkably quick in seeing the ludicrous side of things, and very felicitous in the use of puns and other oddities of speech. His wit is not of so high a kind as that of Lowell and Holmes, but it certainly is very excellent of its kind.

As examples of his style we may mention *The Briefless Barrister*, *The Proud Miss MacBride*, and his travesties on *Orpheus and Eurydice*, *Pyramus and Thisbe*, etc.

EXTRACTS.

I.

In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it is ever the same;

In the struggle for power, or the scramble for pelf,
 Let this be your motto : *Rely on yourself!*
 For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
 The victor is he who can "go it alone."

The Game of Life.

II.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
 Your family line you can't ascend
 Without good reason to apprehend
 You'll find it waxed at the farther end
 By some plebeian vocation!
 Or, worse than that, your boasted line
 May end in a loop of stronger twine
 That plagued some worthy relation!

Proud Miss MacBride.

READ. 1822-1872.

Thomas Buchanan Read, poet and artist, was born in Chester County, Pa., in 1822. At the age of fourteen he went to Cincinnati to study sculpture, but soon turned his attention to painting and poetry, and won fame in both. Much of his life was spent in Italy. He died in New York in 1872, just after his return from Rome.

Among his most important poems are—*The New Pastoral*, *The House by the Sea*, *The Wagoner of the Alleghenies*, *Drifting*, and *Sheridan's Ride*. Of these, *Drifting* is the most beautiful, *Sheridan's Ride* the most popular.

EXTRACT.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
 With smile that well her pain dissembles,
 The while beneath her drooping lash
 One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles;
 Though Heaven alone records the tear,
 And fame shall never know her story,
 Her heart has shed a drop as dear
 As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The Brave at Home.

(From the *Wagoner of the Alleghenies*.)

X BOKER. 1824-

George H. Boker, a dramatic and lyric poet of great excellence, was born in Philadelphia in 1824, and is a resident of that city. In 1871 he was appointed United States Minister to Constantinople, and was afterwards transferred to St. Petersburg.

Among his regular dramas are—*Calaynos*, *Leonor de Guzman*, *Ann Boleyn*, and *The Betrothed*. They are conceived in the highest style of dramatic art, and rise almost to the dignity of classics. Among the best of his other works are—*The Ivory Carver*, *The Podesta's Daughter*, *The Black Regiment*, and *The Ballad of Sir John Franklin*, all of which are excellent of their kind.

EXTRACT.

Close his eyes, his work is done ;
 What to him is friend or foeman,
 Rise of moon or set of sun,
 Hand of man or kiss of woman ?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow.
 What cares he?—he cannot know ;
 Lay him low. *Dirge for a Soldier.*

X TAYLOR. 1825- 1878 December

Bayard Taylor, an eminent poet and traveller, was born at Kennett Square, Chester county, Pa., in 1825. He now resides chiefly in New York city, though he owns a residence named "Cedarcroft" near his birthplace. At the age of nineteen he set out for a European tour with only \$140 in his pocket. The result was a volume entitled *Views Afoot*. Subsequently he travelled in Africa, China, Japan, and nearly all the countries of the globe, and published a large number of books of travel, which were widely read and admired. He has also published several volumes of poems, the principal of which are—*Poems of Home and Travel*, *Poems of the Orient*, *Picture of St. John*, *The Poet's Journal*, *Lars*, and *Home Pastorals*; also the following novels: *Hannah Thurston*, *The Story of Kennett*, *John Godfrey's Fortunes*, and *Joseph and his Friend*. In addition to these

he has published some historical and biographical works of high merit, and a wonderfully fine and accurate translation of *Goethe's Faust*.

Taylor is clearly the first of modern travellers, and he holds a high rank as a poet and a novelist. He was chosen to compose a national ode for the centennial anniversary of American independence, July 4, 1876, and the result was a magnificent poem, that does honor to himself and to his country. We believe that posterity will assign him a place in the first rank of American poets.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Only a woman knows a woman's need.

Lars.

II.

The healing of the world
Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star
Seems nothing; but a myriad scattered stars
Break up the night and make it beautiful.

Lars.

III.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

.
And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

The Song of the Camp.

IV.

He who would lead must first himself be led;
Who would be loved be capable of love

Beyond the utmost he receives; who claims
 The rod of power must first have bowed his head,
 And, being honored, honor what 's above :
 This know the men who leave the world their names.

From a Sonnet.

ALICE CARY. 1820-1871.

Miss Alice Cary, the best poetess that this country has produced, was born near Cincinnati in 1820, and died at her home in New York city in 1871. She used her pen as a means of support; and notwithstanding her delicate health, she made large and important contributions to the literature of our country. Among her prose works are *Clovernook*, a volume of sketches; *Married, not Mated*, and *Hollywood*, novels; and *Pictures of Country Life*. Her poems, together with her sister Phoebe's, fill several volumes. Among the best of her separate poems are—*Thanksgiving* (a long poem not unworthy of Wordsworth), *Pictures of Memory*, *Order for a Picture*, *The Bridal Veil*, *Krumley*, *Here and There*, *The Poet to the Painter*, etc.

Alice Cary is the Jean Ingelow of America. Her poems are thoughtful, graceful, full of religious feeling, and everywhere sparkling with poetic beauties.

EXTRACTS.

I.

'T is not a wild chorus of praises,
 Nor chance, nor yet fate ;
 'T is the greatness born with him and in him,
 That makes the man great.

The Measure of Time.

II.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
 Where charity is seen; that when
 We climb to Heaven, 't is on the rounds
 Of love to men.

My Creed.

III.

Not what God gives, but what He takes,
 Uplifts us to the holiest height;
 On truth's rough crags life's current breaks
 To diamond light.

Faith and Works.

IV.

Our God is love, and that which we miscall
 Evil, in this good world that He has made,
 Is meant to be a little tender shade
 Between us and His glory,—that is all;
 And he who loves the best his fellow man,
 Is loving God, the holiest way he can.

V.

Do you hear the wild birds calling,
 Hear them calling, O my heart?
 Do you see the blue air falling
 From their rushing wings apart?
 With young mosses they are flocking,
 For they hear the laughing breeze,
 With dewy fingers rocking
 Their light cradles in the trees.

May Verses.

PHOEBE CARY.—Phoebe Cary, who died a few months after her sister Alice, was also richly endowed with poetic genius. She was exceedingly witty, and loved to amuse herself by writing parodies and other amusing things. But she also wrote some beautiful serious pieces, among them *Field Preaching*, and the popular hymn beginning—

“One sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o’er and o’er,
 That I ’m nearer my home to-day,
 Than I ’ve ever been before.”

ALDRICH. 1836—

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who was born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1836, has lately attained high rank as a lyric poet and a novelist. He has not attempted anything grand in poetry, but what he has attempted he has accomplished with the utmost beauty and perfection. Among his poems are *Babie Bell*, *The Face Against the Pane*, *Friar Jerome’s Beautiful Book*, and others, which are delicate and charming productions. His principal novels are *The Story of a Bad Boy*, *Margery Daw* and *other Stories*, and

Prudence Palfrey, which are deservedly popular. Margery Daw is one of the most unique and original conceptions of modern fiction.

EXTRACTS.

I. BEFORE THE RAIN.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
 A spirit on slender ropes of mist
 Was lowering its golden buckets down
 Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens;
 Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
 Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
 To scatter them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
 The white of their leaves, and the amber grain
 Shrunk in the wind,—and the lightning now
 Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.

II.

Mabel, little Mabel,
 With face against the pane,
 Looks out across the night
 And sees the Beacon Light
 A-trembling in the rain.
 She hears the sea-birds screech,
 And the breakers on the beach
 Making moan, making moan.
 And the wind about the eaves
 Of the cottage sobs and grieves;
 And the willow tree is blown
 To and fro, to and fro,
 Till it seems like some old crone,
 Standing out there all alone,
 With her woe!
 Wringing, as she stands,
 Her gaunt and palsied hands,
 While Mabel, timid Mabel,
 With face against the pane,
 Looks out across the night,
 And sees the Beacon Light
 A-trembling in the rain.

The Face against the Pane.

STEDMAN. 1833-

Edmund Clarence Stedman, son of a poetess (Mrs. E. C. Kinney), is a banker, a poet, and a critic. Some of his poems show a very high order of genius. Among the best are—*The Doorstep*, *Pan in Wall Street*, *At Twilight*, *John Brown of Ossawatomie*, *The Blameless Prince*, and *Alice of Monmouth*.

In his volume entitled *The Victorian Poets*, he has shown himself to be a critic of fine discrimination, and a writer of excellent prose.

EXTRACT.

O heart of Nature, beating still
 With throbs her vernal passion taught her,
 Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
 Or by the Arethusan water!
 New forms may fold the speech, new lands
 Arise within these ocean portals,
 But Music waves eternal wands,—
 Enchantress of the souls of mortals.

Pan in Wall Street.

HOLLAND. 1819-

Dr. J. G. Holland, now (1876) editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, is one of the most popular, if not one of the greatest of American writers. His poems, though condemned by many critics, have had an immense sale. The principal ones are *Bitter-Sweet*, *Kathrina*, and *Mistress of the Manse*. They are very faulty in construction, but contain many exquisite lines. On the whole, his prose works are better than his poems. Some of the best are *Gold Foil*, *Lessons in Life*, *Plain Talks*, *Timothy Titcomb's Letters*, *Arthur Bonnicastle*, and *Sevenoaks*. The last two are novels.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Life evermore is fed by death,
 In earth and sea and sky,
 And that a rose may breathe its breath,
 Something must die.

Bitter-Sweet.

II.

Thus it is over all the earth;
 That which we call the fairest,
 And prize for its surpassing worth,
 Is always rarest. *Bitter-Sweet.*

III.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
 Who can follow the gossamer links
 By which the manikin feels his way
 Out from the shore of the great unknown,
 Blind and wailing and alone
 Into the light of day?
 Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
 Tossing in pitiful agony;
 Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
 Specked with the barks of little souls,—
 Barks that were launched on the other side,
 And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide?
Cradle Song from Bitter-Sweet.

 HARTE. 1837-

Francis Bret Harte was born at Albany, N. Y., in 1837. At the age of seventeen he went to California, where he became successively a school-teacher, a miner, a printer, and an editor. He is now a resident of New York.

Mr. Harte won his great reputation by his poems and sketches descriptive of life among the California miners. Most of them are in the peculiar dialect of these miners, and represent the crime and the romance, the roughness and the tenderness, of this peculiar phase of American life, with a fidelity and skill which command universal admiration.

Of his dialect poems the following are excellent examples: *The Heathen Chinee, The Society upon the Stanislaus, In the Tunnel, Jim, and Chiquita*. Of those in pure English these are among the best: *Dickens in Camp, The Mountain Heartsease, Concha, A Greyport Legend, and A Newport Romance*.

Among the best of his prose sketches are—*The Luck of Roaring Camp, The Idyl of Red Gulch, The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, and

Tennessee's Partner. He has lately published (1876) a regular novel, entitled *Gabriel Conroy*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinees is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.
Plain Language from Truthful James.

II.

That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting pines, invaded the very hut. Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept close to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours: "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney, simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep. The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The morn, through the rifted clouds, looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them, which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

The Outcasts of Poker Flat.

MILLER. 1841-

Cincinnatus Heine Miller, known as Joaquin Miller, was born in Indiana in 1841. When ten years old he went with his parents to Oregon. He spent three or four years on a farm, and then went to California. After fifteen years of wild and adventurous life among miners, Indians, and filibusters, he studied law

and became a judge. In 1870 he went to London, where, after much difficulty in finding a publisher, he brought out a volume of poems, which made him famous on both continents. He now resides in New York.

His principal poems are contained in the volumes entitled *Songs of the Sierras*, *Songs of the Sun-Lands*, and *The Ship in the Desert*. Of individual poems probably *The Arizonian*, *The Isles of the Amazons*, and *Burns and Byron* are among the best.

Mr. Miller's poems are often unnatural and extravagant, but there is in them a certain wild freedom and passion in perfect keeping with the life and scenery from which he drew his inspiration, with a tropical richness of imagery, and an almost cloying sweetness of rhythm and rhyme.

EXTRACTS.

I.

In men whom men condemn as ill
 I find so much of goodness still,
 In men whom men pronounce divine
 I find so much of sin and blot,
 I hesitate to draw a line
 Between the two, where God has not.

Burns and Byron.

II.

The east is blossoming ! Yea, a rose,
 Vast as the heavens, soft as a kiss,
 Sweet as the presence of woman is,
 Rises and reaches and widens and grows
 Right out of the sea, as a blossoming tree ;
 Richer and richer, so higher and higher,
 Deeper and deeper it takes its hue ;
 Brighter and brighter it reaches through
 The space of heaven and the place of stars,
 Till all is as rich as a rose can be,
 And my rose-leaves fall into billows of fire.
 Then beams reach upward as arms from a sea ;
 Then lances and arrows are aimed at me ;
 Then lances and spangles and spars and bars
 Are broken and shivered and strewn on the sea ;
 And around and about me, tower and spire
 Start from the billows like tongues of fire.

Sunrise in Venice.

OTHER POETS OF THIS AGE.

RICHARD H. DANA (1787-), author of *The Buccaneer*, a poem, and *Lectures on Shakspeare*.

JOHN PIERPONT (1785-1866), author of *Airs of Palestine*, *Passing Away*, *E Pluribus Unum*, and other lyrics.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL (1795-1856), a very learned man, author of three volumes of miscellanies entitled *Clio*. One of his most popular poems is *To Seneca Lake*.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1792-1852), a dramatist; author of *Brutus* and other plays, and of *Home, Sweet Home*.

CHARLES SPRAGUE (1791-1875), a banker and poet, author of *Ode on Shakspeare*, *The Family Meeting*, *The Winged Worshippers*, etc.

GEORGE P. MORRIS (1802-1864), an excellent song writer, long editor of *The Home Journal*, author of *My Mother's Bible*, *Woodman, Spare that Tree*, etc.

N. P. WILLIS (1806-1867), editor, with Morris, of *The Home Journal*, and author of twenty-seven volumes of poetry and prose. Of his poetry *The Death of Absalom*, *Hagar in the Wilderness*, and other Scriptural Poems, are the best; of his prose, *Letters from under a Bridge*, *People I have Met*, *Life Here and There*, *Famous Persons and Places*, etc.

ALFRED B. STREET (1811-), of Albany, N. Y., author of *Frontenac*, *The Gray Forest Eagle*, and other poems; also of *Forest Pictures in the Adirondacks*, etc., in prose.

R. H. STODDARD (1825-), a magazinist, and author of several volumes of poetry and prose. Among his well-known poems are *Burial of Lincoln*, *A Hymn to the Beautiful*, *The Burden of Unrest*, *Never Again*, *On the Town*, etc.

WALT WHITMAN (1819-), by some regarded as a great poet; by others, as no poet at all. His so-called poems are without metre or rhyme. Author of *Drum Taps*, *Leaves of Grass*, and *Two Rivulets*.

II. PROSE WRITERS OF THE NATIONAL AGE.

IRVING. 1783-1859.

Washington Irving, the most popular of American prose writers, was born in New York in 1783; studied law, but did not practice it; engaged in mercantile pursuits, but without success; passed twenty-three years of his life in Europe, four of them as Minister

to Spain; and spent his remaining years at Sunnyside, on the Hudson, where he died in 1859, universally loved and lamented.

Among the most interesting of his works are—*Knickerbocker* (a humorous history of New York), *Bracebridge Hall*, *The Sketch Book* (which contains Rip Van Winkle, Ichabod Crane, The Broken Heart, Sleepy Hollow, and other popular sketches), *Life of Goldsmith*, *Life of Columbus*, *The Life of Washington*, *The Alhambra*, and *The Conquest of Grenada*.

Irving has been called "The American Goldsmith," on account of the similarity of his style to that of Goldsmith; and all that has been said in eulogy of the style of Addison, may be truthfully applied to that of Irving. Not the least of his merits is the absolute purity of every word and thought. In this respect as well as others, his works are the image of the man. He was genial, sympathetic, loving; and was worthily rewarded by the love and honor of his countrymen and of the whole civilized world.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.

II.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure all around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles!

III.

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence.

PRESCOTT. 1796–1859.

William H. Prescott, one of our greatest historians, was born at Salem, Mass., in 1796, graduated at Harvard, and though nearly blind, devoted himself to a literary life.

His principal works are—*Ferdinand and Isabella*, *Conquest of*

Mexico, Conquest of Peru, Robertson's Charles V. (with original matter), *Philip II.*, and a volume of *Miscellanies*.

Prescott had the genius to invest the dry facts of history with the charms of fiction; and yet he never sacrifices truth to the graces of style. He stands in the front rank of classical historians. (See Ticknor's Life of Prescott.)

EXTRACT.

The triumphs of the warrior are bounded by the narrow theatre of his own age; but those of a Scott or a Shakspeare will be renewed with greater and greater lustre in ages yet unborn, when the victorious chieftain shall be forgotten, or live only in the song of the minstrel and the page of the chronicler.

BANCROFT. 1800—

George Bancroft, a great historian and statesman, was born at Worcester, Mass., in 1800. He graduated at Harvard, and afterwards studied at Göttingen, Germany. He has filled various offices under the general government,—among them those of Secretary of the Navy, Minister to England, and Minister to Germany,—and always with dignity and ability. His great work is a *History of the United States*, a revised edition of which has just been published (1876) in six volumes, octavo. He has exercised the most scrupulous care both as to facts and style, and his work will probably remain the standard history of our country.

EXTRACTS.

I.

The charities of life are scattered everywhere,* enamelling the vales of human beings as the flowers paint the meadows. They are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.

II.

The common mind is the true Parian marble, fit to be wrought into likeness to a god.

* Compare Wordsworth's lines,—

"The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities, that soothe and heal and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

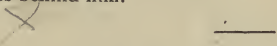
MOTLEY. 1814-

John Lothrop Motley, the third of our trio of great historians, was born at Dorchester, Mass., in 1814, and graduated at Harvard College. Like Bancroft, he has filled important diplomatic offices, having been Minister to Austria and Minister to England.

His great works are—*Rise of the Dutch Republic*, *History of the United Netherlands*, and *John of Barnaveldt*. In vigor and brilliancy of style he is unsurpassed by any historian of the century except Macaulay.

EXTRACT.

The orbit of civilization, so far as our perishing records enable us to trace it, seems preordained from East to West. China, India, Palestine, Egypt, Greece, Rome, are successively lighted up, as the majestic orb of day moves over them; and as he advances still farther through his storied and mysterious zodiac, we behold the shadows of evening as surely falling on the lands which he leaves behind him.



COOPER. 1789-1851.

James Fenimore Cooper, the first of our novelists who won a European reputation, was born in New Jersey in 1789. He entered Yale College, but did not graduate; served six years in the navy; then married and settled down to a life of literary labor. He died at Cooperstown, N. Y., in 1851.

His novels number thirty-three. Nine of these are Sea Tales, and five others form the Leather Stocking Series. Probably the most popular novels are *The Spy*, *The Prairie*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, and *The Pilot*—the latter being, of course, one of the sea tales. Besides these works he published *Naval History of the United States*, *Lives of American Naval Officers*, and several books of travel.

Cooper possessed great descriptive power; and most of his descriptions were drawn from scenes with which he was familiar. Consequently his delineations of border life and character, and of life at sea, are extremely graphic and spirited.

EXTRACT.

If you are about to strive for your life, take with you a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God. *The Pilot.*

HAWTHORNE. 1804-1864.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, probably the rarest genius that America has produced, was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804, and graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, in the same class with the poet Longfellow. He was for three years an officer in the Custom House at Salem, and for four years (during Pierce's administration) Consul at Liverpool. His home, for the last twenty years of his life, was at Concord, Mass., where he died in 1864. on 12

Of his many works, we name the following as among the best: *Twice-Told Tales*, *Mosses from an Old Manse*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Blithedale Romance*, and *The Marble Faun*. The first two are collections of sketches and tales, such as *A Rill from the Town Pump*, *The Celestial Railroad* (an allegory), *Little Annie's Ramble*, etc.

We regard *The Scarlet Letter* as his masterpiece. In keen and subtle analysis, in patient, almost insensible development of plot, as well as in beauty of description, and purity and elegance of diction, it stands alone in American fiction, unapproached except by other works of the same great master. Hawthorne's special characteristics are his power of analyzing and developing the weird and mysterious, and of breathing a living soul into everything that he touched with the magic wand of his genius.

EXTRACTS.

I.

No fountain is so small but that heaven may be imaged in its bosom.

II.

All brave men love; for he only is brave who has affections to fight for, whether in the daily battle of life or in physical contests.

III.

Thank heaven for breath—yes, for mere breath—when it is made up of a breeze like this! It comes with a real kiss upon

our cheeks; it would linger fondly around us if it might; but since it must be gone, it embraces us with its whole kindly heart, and passes onward to embrace likewise the next thing that it meets. A blessing is flowing abroad and scattered far and wide over the earth, to be gathered up by all who choose.

MRS. STOWE. 1812-

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the greatest female novelist of America, was born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1812. She is the daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher, sister of Henry Ward Beecher, and wife of Prof. Calvin E. Stowe. Her principal work, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, has had a larger sale than any other American novel. Over 1,000,000 copies were sold in the first nine months after its publication. The best of her other works are—*The Minister's Wooing*, *Oldtown Folks*, *Oldtown Fireside Stories*, and *My Wife and I*.

EXTRACT.

I.

Any mind that is capable of real sorrow is capable of good.

II.

In the gates of eternity, the black hand and the white hold each other with equal clasp.

EVERETT. 1794-1865.

Edward Everett, the most finished orator that this country has produced, was born at Dorchester, Mass., in 1794. He graduated at Cambridge, and still further cultivated his mind by several years of European study and travel. He held many high positions,—among others, those of Governor of Massachusetts, U. S. Senator, Minister to England, President of Harvard College, and Secretary of State.

His chief works are his orations, which are among the noblest ever written. Among his best efforts are his Address at the Dedication of the Dudley Observatory, Albany, N. Y., and the Eulogy on Washington.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.

II.

No arch nor column, in courtly English or courtlier Latin, sets forth the deeds and the worth of the Father of his Country; he needs them not; the unwritten benedictions of millions cover all the walls.* No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam; but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine.

Eulogy on Washington.

WEBSTER. 1782-1852.

Daniel Webster, the great Senator from Massachusetts, was born at Salisbury, N. H., in 1782, and died at Marshfield, Mass., in 1852. He was one of the intellectual giants of the age. While lacking Everett's rare culture and universal learning, he was in natural endowments Everett's superior. His fame rests upon his orations and speeches. Probably his master-pieces are his Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill orations, his Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, and his great speech in reply to Hayne. Some passages in these have never been surpassed by any orator of any age or country.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

II.

One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man.

III.

There is no evil which we cannot face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded.

IV.

Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as kings' palaces; they that enter there must go upon their knees.

* Referring to Mt. Vernon. A brief extract torn from its connection can give no adequate idea of the splendid eloquence of a great orator like Everett.

AGASSIZ. 1807-1873.

Louis J. R. Agassiz, one of the most eminent naturalists of modern times, was a Swiss by birth, but an adopted citizen of this country. He came to America in 1847, and from that time until his death was a professor in Harvard University. His scientific writings attained great popularity, on account of their excellence, both of matter and style. The principal of these are *Methods of Study in Natural History*, *Geological Sketches*, and *A Journey in Brazil* (by himself and his wife).

EXTRACT.

There was a time when our earth was in a state of igneous fusion; when no ocean bathed it, and no atmosphere surrounded it; when no wind blew over it, and no rain fell upon it; but an intense heat held all its materials in solution. In those days the rocks which are now the very bones and sinews of our mother Earth—her granites, her porphyries, her basalts, her sienites—were melted into a liquid mass. *Geological Sketches.*

EMERSON. 1803-1882 - 27 April.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, "the sage of Concord," was born in Boston in 1803, graduated at Harvard, preached for a time, and then retired to Concord, Mass., where he still lives. He is the head of what is called the "transcendental school of philosophy" in this country—a profound and original thinker, and an idiomatic and vigorous writer. He has made a more deep and lasting impression on the thought and literature of his age than any other living author.

His principal works are *Representative Men*, *English Traits*, and several volumes of *Essays*, the last of which is entitled *Letters and Social Aims*.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism.

II.

Fear God, and where you go, men shall think they walk in hallowed cathedrals.

III.

Hope never spreads her golden wings but in unfathomable seas.

IV.

Beauty is the mark God sets on virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic action is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine.

V.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

WHIPPLE. 1819-

Edwin P. Whipple is one of the most popular and excellent of living critics and essayists. He is less learned than Lowell and less rhetorical than Macaulay; but he has good taste, a sound judgment, and an agreeable style, and is, on the whole, as reliable as either. He is a resident of Boston.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Books—lighthouses erected in the great sea of time.

II.

Felicity, not fluency, of language is a merit.

III.

The contemplation of beauty, in nature, in art, in literature, in human character, diffuses through our being a soothing and subtle joy, by which the heart's anxious and aching cares are softly smiled away.

WHITE. 1822-

Richard Grant White, of New York, is an eminent Shakspearian scholar and critic. His chief works are an *Edition of Shakspeare*, in 12 vols., a *Life of Shakspeare*, and *Words and Their Uses*.

EXTRACT.

Whoever would learn to think naturally, clearly, logically, and to express himself intelligibly and earnestly, let him give his days and nights to William Shakspeare.

BISHOP ENGLAND. 1786-1842.

The Rt. Rev. John England, D. D., was born in Ireland in 1786, came to the United States in 1820, and from that time till his death, in 1842, labored with distinguished zeal and ability as Bishop of Charleston, S. C. He founded institutions of learning, encouraged literature, relieved the suffering, comforted the afflicted, and, assisted by his noble and accomplished sister, exerted in many ways a powerful and permanent influence for good. His works, in 8 vols., octavo, have been edited by his successor, Bishop Reynolds. They are marked by great ability and candor, and not unfrequently exhibit passages of noble and impassioned eloquence.

EXTRACT.

Honor is the acquisition and preservation of the dignity of our nature: that dignity consists in its perfection; that perfection is found in observing the laws of our Creator. *On Duelling.*

THEODORE PARKER. 1810-1860.

Theodore Parker was a rationalistic clergyman of Boston. Whatever may be thought of his theology, it must be conceded that he was a daring and original thinker, a determined advocate of human rights, a despiser of shams and pretence, whether in Church or State, and a vigorous and brilliant writer. His collected works fill 12 volumes.

EXTRACTS.

I.

In this country every one gets a mouthful of education, but scarcely any one a full meal.

II.

Let men laugh when you sacrifice desire to duty if they will. You have time and eternity to rejoice in.

III.

The books which help you most are those which make you think most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading; but a great book that comes from a great thinker,—it is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty.

BEECHER. 1813- 1887, March 8

Henry Ward Beecher, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, is the most gifted pulpit orator in this country, probably in the world. He is the author of *Star Papers*, *Eyes and Ears*, *Norwood* (a novel), *Yale Lectures on Preaching* (an admirable work), several volumes of *Sermons*, and a variety of other works.

EXTRACTS.

I.

Of all music, that which reaches farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

II.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up that makes us rich.

III.

There are many troubles which you cannot cure by the Bible and hymn-book, but which you can cure by a good perspiration and a breath of fresh air.

IV.

Some men will not shave on Sunday, and yet they spend all the week in shaving their fellow-men; and many folks think it very wicked to black their boots on Sunday morning, yet they do not hesitate to black their neighbor's reputation on week-days.

ADDISON ALEXANDER. 1809-1860.

Joseph Addison Alexander, D. D., Professor in the Princeton Theological Seminary, was the ablest of the great Alexander family. He was acquainted with twenty-five languages, and spoke and wrote many of them with fluency. He was also a voluminous writer. Besides his contributions to the Princeton Review, he published eight volumes of *Commentaries*, two volumes of *Sermons*, and other works. Among his popular poetical productions are *The Doomed Man* and the sonnet in *Monosyllabics*.

EXTRACT.

There is a time, we know not when,
 A point, we know not where,
 That marks the destiny of man
 To glory or despair. *The Doomed Man.*

OTHER PROSE WRITERS OF THIS AGE.

HISTORICAL.

JARED SPARKS (1794-1866), editor of *American Biography*, 25 vols., and author of *Life of Washington*, *Life of Franklin*, and various other works.

S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE, LL. D. (1816-), author of *Dictionary of Authors*, an immense and valuable work in three large volumes, *Poetical Quotations*, and *Prose Quotations*.

JAMES PARTON (1822-), a popular biographer and essayist, author of *Life of Jackson*, *Life of Franklin*, *Life of Jefferson*, *Famous Americans*, *People's Book of Biography*, etc.

HORACE GREELEY (1811-1872), founder of the *N. Y. Tribune*, a great editor and reformer, and author of *The American Conflict*, 2 vols., *Recollections of a Busy Life*, etc.

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823-), an historian of high rank, author of *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, *The Jesuits in America*, *The Discovery of the Great West*, *The Pioneers of France in the New World*, etc.

BENSON J. LOSSING (1813-), author of *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, *History of the War of 1812*, *Pictorial History of the Civil War*, etc.

GEORGE TICKNOR (1791-1871), a man of wide culture, Professor in Harvard College (Longfellow's predecessor), author of *History of Spanish Literature*, and of *the Life of Prescott*.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D. (1824-), author of *History of Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes*, *The Catholic Church in the United States*, *Legendary History of Ireland*, etc.; also translator, editor, and compiler of many valuable works.

RICHARD HILDRETH (1807-1865), author of a valuable *History of the United States*, in 6 vols., 8vo.

FICTITIOUS.

WM. GILMORE SIMMS, LL. D. (1806-1870), of Charleston, S. C., a prolific and popular writer, author of *The Partisan*, *The Yemassee*, *Guy Rivers*, etc. (novels); *History of South Carolina*, *Life of Marion*, *Life of John Smith*, etc.; also *Atlantis*, *Lays of the Palmetto*, and other poems.

MISS C. M. SEDGWICK (1789-1867), author of *Hope Leslie*, *Redwood*, and many other novels and tales.

MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD (1802-), a prolific and popular writer, author of *Frugal Housewife*, *The Mother's Book*, *The Girl's Book*, *Lives of Madame de Staël*, *Madame Roland*, etc., *Biography of Good Wives*, *Condition of Women in All Ages*, *Romance of the Republic*, etc.

MRS. EMILY JUDSON, "Fanny Forrester" (1817-1854), third wife of Dr. Judson, the missionary, author of *Alderbrook*, *Life of Sarah C. Judson*, an *Olio of Domestic Verses*, and several stories for children.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE (1830-), an eminent Southern writer, author of *The Virginia Comedians*, *Henry St. John*, *Surry of Eagle's Nest*, *Lives of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson*, etc.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822-), a Boston clergyman, author of many novels, among them *The Man without a Country*, *My Double*, etc.; *If, Yes, and Perhaps*, *The Ingham Papers*, *Ten Times One*, etc., etc.

T. S. ARTHUR (1809-), author of *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room*; *Sketches of Life and Character*; *Lights and Shadows of Real Life*; *Advice to Young Men*; *Advice to Young Women*; *Maiden, Wife, and Mother*, etc.

MRS. SARA J. LIPPINCOTT, "Grace Greenwood" (1823-), a lively newspaper correspondent, and a graceful story writer, author of *Greenwood Leaves*, *Record of Five Years*, *Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe*, *Poems*, etc.

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON (1835-), a vivacious and sparkling writer, author of *This, That, and the Other*, *Bed-time Stories*, *Some Men's Wives*, etc.

MISS LOUISE M. ALCOTT (1832-), a very popular story writer, author of *Little Women*, *Old-Fashioned Girl*, *Little Men*, *Work*, *Morning Glories*, etc. The sale of these books has been immense.

CAROLINE CHESEBRO (-1873), author of *Dream of Land by Daylight*, *Victoria*, *The Foe in the Household*, etc.

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES has written many popular novels and tales, among them *Lena Rivers*, *Darkness and Daylight*, *Tempest and Sunshine*, etc.

MRS. TERHUNE, "Marion Harland," is the author of *Alone*, *The Hidden Path*, and other popular works. She is the wife of Rev. Dr. E. P. Terhune, of Newark, N. J.

MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON is a novelist of great power and originality. Her most popular works are *Beulah*, *Macaria*, *St. Elmo*, and *Infelice*.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY (1824-), a popular novelist and poetess, author of *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*, *The Gay worthys*, *We Girls*, etc.

MRS. MARY CLEMMER AMES, a vivacious and interesting writer, author of *Eirene*, *His Two Wives*, *Memorial of Alice and Phoebe Cary*, *Poems*, etc. Having been divorced, she has lately resumed her maiden name, Mary Clemmer.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE (1827-), a novelist and poet, author of *Brighthope Series*, *Neighbor Jackwood*, *Coupon Bonds*, and other stories, and *Poems*. Some of his poems, e. g., *Darius Green and the Flying Machine*, *The Vagabonds*, *The Charcoal Man*, and *Farmer John*, have been very popular.

EDWARD EGGLESTON, D. D. (1837-), is the author of four very popular stories,—*The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, *The End of the World*, *Mystery of Metropolisville*, and *the Circuit Rider*. *Rory*

MRS. MARY A. SADLIER (1820-), a popular Catholic writer, author of many Sunday-school books and novels. Among the latter are *Alice Riordan*, *Blakes and Flanagans*, *Red Hand of Ulster*, *Willie Burke*, etc., etc.

POLITICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

CHARLES SUMNER (1811-1874), late Senator from Massachusetts, a profound scholar, pure statesman, great orator, and champion of freedom. Author of *The True Grandeur of Nations*, *The Barbarism of Slavery*, and other great orations and speeches.

DR. JOHN W. DRAPER (1811-), Prof. of Chemistry in the University of New York, author of *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, *History of the American Civil War*, *The Conflict of Science and Religion*, and of many scientific works.

HON. GEORGE P. MARSH (1801-), author of *Lectures on the English Language*, *History of the English Language*, and *Man and Nature*. His works on Language are among the most valuable ever written.

W. D. WHITNEY, LL.D. (1827-), Prof. in Yale College, one of the best oriental scholars of the age, author of *Language and the Science of Language*, a very valuable work.

ALEXANDER H. EVERETT (1792-1847), brother of Edward Everett, a statesman and diplomatist, author of *State of Europe*, *State of America*, etc.

FRANCIS WAYLAND, D. D., LL.D. (1796-1865), President of Brown University, author of *Moral Science*, *Intellectual Philosophy*, *Political Economy*, etc.

JAMES MCCOSH, D. D., LL.D. (1811-), President of Princeton College, one of the greatest living metaphysicians, author of the *Method of Divine Government*, *The Intuitions of the Mind*, *Mill's Philosophy*, *Logic*, *Christianity and Positivism*, and other works. He is a Scotchman; came to this country in 1868.

HORACE MANN (1796-1859), a distinguished educator, author of *Lectures on Education*, *Report of an Educational Tour in Germany*, *Great Britain*, etc., *A Few Thoughts for a Young Man on Entering Life*, and other works.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

MARGARET FULLER, Countess d'Ossoli (1810-1850), a brilliant writer on art and literature. She was drowned, with husband and child, on her way home from Italy.

HENRY REED, LL.D. (1808-1854), Professor in the University of Pennsylvania, editor of *Wordsworth's Works*, etc., and author of four volumes of delightful lectures on *English Poets*, *English Literature*, and *English History* as Illustrated by *Shakspeare's Historical Plays*.

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, D. D. (1815-1857), author of *Female Poets of America*, *Prose Writers of America*, and *Poets and Poetry of America*.

DUYCKINCK BROTHERS, (E. A., 1816- ; G. L., 1823-1863), authors of a very valuable work, *Cyclopædia of American Literature* (recently revised by Mr. Simon).

MISS MARY ABIGAIL DODGE, "Gail Hamilton" (1838-), a piquant and original writer, author of *A New Atmosphere*, *Gala Days*, *Country Living*.

GEO. W. CURTIS (1824-), the genial editor of *Harper's Monthly* and *Harper's Weekly*, author of Nile Notes of a Howadji, The Potiphar Papers, Prue and I, Trumps, etc.

W. D. HOWELLS (1837-), editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, one of the finest of living American writers, author of Venetian Life, Suburban Sketches, Our Wedding Journey, A Chance Acquaintance, A Foregone Conclusion, Private Theatricals, novels; a volume of Poems, etc.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY (1791-1865), a noble woman and excellent writer, both of poetry and prose. Author of Letters to Young Ladies, Letters to My Pupils, Letters to Mothers, Past Meridian, Letters of Life, etc., prose works; and Indian Names, Death of an Infant, etc., poems.

DONALD G. MITCHELL, "Ik Marvel" (1822-), a genial, graceful writer, author of Dream Life, Reveries of a Bachelor, My Farm at Edgewood, Seven Stories, etc.

"FANNY FERN," Mrs. Jas. Parton (1811-1872), a witty and spicy writer of sketches and tales, author of Fern Leaves, Little Ferns, Folly as it Flies, Ginger Snaps, etc., made up of short sketches; also two novels, Ruth Hall and Rose Clark.

ORESTES A. BROWNSON, LL. D. (1803-1876), a vigorous and brilliant Catholic writer, editor of *Brownson's Quarterly*, author of Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted; The Covenant, or Leaves from My Experience, etc.

THEOLOGICAL.*

E. H. CHAPIN, D. D. (1814-), of New York, a Universalist preacher of great genius and eloquence, author of Hours of Communion, Characters in the Gospel, Christianity the Perfection of True Manliness, etc. (See p. iv.)

JOHN MCCLINTOCK, D. D., LL.D. (1814-1870), a learned and eminent Methodist minister, President of Drew Theological Seminary, author of several school books, and joint author with Dr. Strong of the great Theological and Biblical Cyclopædia now in course of publication.

RT. REV. C. P. MCILVAINE, D. D., LL.D., D. C. L. (1798-1873), Episcopal Bishop of Ohio, author of Evidences of Christianity, etc.

REV. CHARLES HODGE, D. D., LL.D. (1797-), Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, author of Systematic Theology, the greatest work of the kind ever produced in this country.

REV. ALBERT BARNES (1798-1870), noted chiefly as the author of Barnes's Notes on the Holy Scriptures.

REV. R. S. STORRS, D. D. (1821-), the learned and eloquent pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, author of The Constitution of the Human Soul, and many lectures and addresses.

*Archbishop Kenrick, Archbishop Bayley, Dr. Hackett, and many other eminent divines, are omitted from this list, because their writings, being mainly theological, do not properly belong to general literature.

MOST REV. MARTIN JOHN SPALDING, D. D. (1810-1872), late Archbishop of Baltimore, one of the most eminent of Catholic prelates, author of *A Review of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation*, *Evidences of Catholicity*, *Smithsonian Lectures on Modern Civilization*, etc.

MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D. D. (1797-1864), late Archbishop of New York, a man of great energy and ability, widely known on account of his controversies with Dr. Breckenridge and Erastus Brooks, his *Lecture on Christianity* (delivered in Washington, by request of Congress), etc.

PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D. (1819-), the learned American editor of *Lange's Commentary*, author of *America, Germany, History of the Christian Church*, *The Anglo-American Sabbath*, *The Person of Christ*, etc.

CHARLES P. KRAUTH, D. D. (1823-), Prof. of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania, author of *The Conservative Reformation*, *Sketch of the Thirty Years' War*, etc.

HUMOROUS.

"ARTEMUS WARD," Chas. F. Browne (1836-1867), a very celebrated humorist, author of *Artemus Ward*, his *Book*, *Artemus Ward Among the Mormons*, *Artemus Ward Among the Fenians*, and *Artemus Ward in England*.

"MRS. PARTINGTON," Mr. P. B. Shillaber (1814-), author of *Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington*, *Knitting Work*, etc.

"JOSH BILLINGS," H. W. Shaw (1818-), author of *Sayings of Josh Billings*, *Josh Billings on Ice*, *Farmer's Alminax*, etc. Very witty and wise, but not always refined.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER (1829-), a genial and refined writer, author of *My Summer in a Garden*, *Back-log Studies*, *Baddeck* and *that Sort of Thing*, and joint author with Mark Twain of the *Gilded Age*.

"MARK TWAIN," Samuel L. Clemens (1835-), the most distinguished of living humorists, author of *Innocents Abroad*, *Roughing It*, *The Gilded Age* (jointly with Warner), *Tom Sawyer* (a novel), etc.

CHARLES G. LELAND (Hans Breitmann), C. H. WEBB (John Paul), JAMES M. BAILEY (Danbury News Man), D. R. LOCKE (Petroleum V. Nasby), MELVILLE D. LANDON (Eli Perkins), and R. H. NEWELL (Orpheus C. Kerr—office-seeker), are also noted humorists.

ENGLISH CONTEMPORARIES.

This age in American Literature is coextensive with the Victorian age in English Literature, represented by Tennyson, Macaulay, and others.

PART III.

A CASKET OF THOUGHT-GEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

America.]

I.

WESTWARD the course* of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

BP. BERKELEY.

Truth.]

II.

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Opportunity.]

III.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

SHAK.: *Julius Cæsar*.

Education.]

IV.

A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district,—all studied and appreciated as they merit,—are the principal support of virtue, morality, and civil liberty.

FRANKLIN.

Virtue.]

V.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

MILTON: *Comus*.

* Often quoted "star of empire."

Independence.]

VI.

These two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together,—manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance.

WORDSWORTH.

Death.]

VII.

But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man.

M. F. BARRY.

Calumny.]

VIII.

To persevere in one's duty and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.

WASHINGTON.

The Good Time Coming.]

IX.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

BURNS: *Honest Poverty.**Schools.]*

X.

School-houses are the republican line of fortifications.

HORACE MANN.

Teaching.]

XI.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMSON: *The Seasons.**Teaching.]*

XII.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.

WEBSTER.

Learning.]

XIII.

Do you covet learning's prize?
Climb her heights and take it.
In ourselves our fortune lies;
Life is what we make it.

Life.] XIV.

Life is a casket not precious in itself, but valuable in proportion to what fortune, or industry, or virtue has placed within it.

LANDOR.

Self-reliance.] XV.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

SHAK.: *Julius Cæsar*.

Life.] XVI.

It is faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at.

HOLMES.

Life.] XVII.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs; he most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

P. J. BAILEY: *Festus*.

Benevolence.] XVIII.

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

MRS. L. M. CHILD.

Self-improvement.] XIX.

I hold, in truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*.

Determination.] XX.

If there is anything that ought to be said, say it; if there is anything that ought to be done, do it. What a man wills to do he will do.

Truthfulness.] XXI.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Moral Courage.] XXII.

Dare to say *No*. To refuse to do a bad thing is to do a good one.

Self-improvement.] XXIII.

Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
 That a noble deed is a step toward God,
 Lifting the soul from the common sod
 To purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
 By what we have mastered of good and gain;
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

J. G. HOLLAND.

Man.]

XXIV.

Man is the jewel of God, who has created this material world
 to keep his treasure in.

THEODORE PARKER.

Self-improvement.]

XXV.

The heights by great men reached and kept
 Were not attained by sudden flight;
 But they, while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upwards in the light.

LONGFELLOW: *Ladder of St. Augustine.*

Schools.]

XXVI.

Jails and state prisons are the complement of schools; so many
 less as you have of the latter, so many more you must have of the
 former.

HORACE MANN.

Integrity.]

XXVII.

The thing most specious cannot stand the true;
 Who would appear clean must be clean all through.

ALICE CARY: *The Might of Truth.*

Leisure and Laziness.]

XXVIII.

Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the
 diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as Poor
 Richard says, a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.

FRANKLIN.

All Good Costs.]

XXIX.

For strength is born of struggle, faith of doubt,
 Of discord law, and freedom of oppression:
 We hail from Pisgah, with exulting shout,
 The promised land below us, bright with sun,
 And deem its pastures won,
 Ere toil and blood have earned us the possession!
 Each aspiration of our human earth
 Becomes an act through keenest pangs of birth;
 Each force, to bless, must cease to be a dream,
 And conquer life through agony supreme;

Each inborn right must outwardly be tested
 By stern material weapons, ere it stand
 In the enduring fabric of the land,
 Secured for those who yielded it, and those who wrested.
 BAYARD TAYLOR: *Gettysburg Ode.*

Homes.] XXX.

The strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation, is
 in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of its people.
 MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Flowers.] XXXI.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit and each leaf a book,
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
 From loneliest nook.
 HORACE SMITH.

Flowers.] XXXII.

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are
 wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The
 Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his
 love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far West claps
 his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms,—the
 illuminated scriptures of the prairies.
 MRS. L. M. CHILD.

Flowers.] XXXIII.

We tread through fields of speckled flowers,
 As if we did not know
 Our Father made them beautiful
 Because he loves us so.

ALICE CARY: *January.*

Flowers.] XXXIV.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot
 to put a soul into.
 BEECHER.

God's Love.] XXXV.

There's not a flower that decks the vale,
 There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
 There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
 There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
 There's not a hue that paints the rose,
 There's not a leaf around us lying,
 But in its use or beauty shows
 True love to us, and love undying. GERALD GRIFFIN.

Culture.]

XXXVI.

Literary culture is mental horticulture : it joins beauty to utility, and gives fertility, harmony, and completeness to the mind of its possessor.

* * *

Words.]

XXXVII.

Words are mighty, words are living ;
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings ;
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies ;
Every word man's lips have uttered,
Echoes in God's skies.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR : *Words*.

Brevity.]

XXXVIII.

If you would be pungent, be brief ; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

SOUTHEY.

Words.]

XXXIX.

But words are things ; and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

BYRON : *Don Juan*.

Falsehood.]

XL.

A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright ;
But a lie which is half a truth is a harder matter to fight.

TENNYSON : *The Grandmother*.

Falsehood.]

XLI.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

HOLMES.

Judging.]

XLII.

Dear Lord, how little man's award
The right or wrong attest !
And he who judges least, I think,
Is he who judges best.

ALICE CARY : *The Best Judgment*.

Forgiveness.]

XLIII.

The accusing spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in ; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.

STERNE : *Tristram Shandy*.

Justice.]

XLIV.

Justice is the idea of God, the ideal of man, the rule of conduct writ in the nature of mankind.

THEODORE PARKER.

Integrity.]

XLV.

Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aimst at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

SHAK.: *King Henry VIII.**Mercy.]*

XLVI.

The quality of mercy is not strained—
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepteréd sway,—
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice.**Worth.]*

XLVII.

In this world there is one godlike thing, the essence of all that
ever was or ever will be of godlike in this world,—the veneration
done to human worth by the hearts of men.

CARLYLE.

Death.]

XLVIII.

They never fail who die
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates or castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the great and sweeping thoughts
That overspread all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.

BYRON: *Marino Faliero.**Death.]*

XLIX.

I look upon death to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep.
We shall rise refreshed in the morning.

FRANKLIN.

Death.]

L.

Earth, let thy softest mantle rest
On this worn child to thee returning,
Whose youth was nurtured at thy breast,
Who loved thee with such tender yearning.

He knew thy fields and woodland ways,
 And deemed thy humblest son his brother:
 Asleep, beyond our blame or praise,
 We yield him back, O gentle mother!

STEDMAN: *On the Death of Horace Greeley.*

Death.]

LI.

Life is rather a state of embryo, a preparation for life; a man is not completely born till he has passed through death.

FRANKLIN.

Earth and Heaven.]

LII.

Here is the sorrow, the sighing,
 Here are the cloud and the night;
 Here is the sickness, the dying,
 There are the life and the light.

.

Here are the heart-strings a-tremble,
 And here is the chastening rod;
 There is the song and the cymbal,
 And there is our Father and God.

ALICE CARY: *Here and There.*

Heaven.]

LIII.

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

BULWER-LYTTON.

Improvement.]

LIV.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave the low-vaulted past;
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

O. W. HOLMES: *The Chambered Nautilus.*

Life.]

LV.

Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence when it comes upon soundings.

HOLMES.

Tribulation.]

LVI.

The brightest crowns that are worn in heaven have been tried and smelted and polished and glorified through the furnace of tribulation.

CHAPIN.

Death for Country.]

LVII.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

COLLINS.

Sorrows.]

LVIII.

Through Sorrow's vale, by weary pilgrims trod,
The pathway lies that leads us up to God;
And Hope's bright bow most beautiful appears
On clouded sky, beheld through falling tears.
'T is life's great lesson, through the ages taught,
That wisdom's pearl is by experience bought;
Sublimest joy is won through fiery trial,
And sweetest rest by toil and self denial.

* * *

Thought and Action.]

LIX.

It is well to think well. It is divine to act well.

HORACE MANN.

Patience.]

LX.

Learn patience from the lesson:
Though the night be drear and long,
To the darkest sorrow there comes a morrow,
A right to every wrong.

TROWBRIDGE.

Lucy.]

LXI.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,—
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love;

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be!
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me!

WORDSWORTH.

God Knoweth Best.]

LXII.

I hear a dear familiar tone,
A loving hand clasps close my own,
And earth seems made for me alone.

If I my fortunes could have planned,
I would not have let go that hand ;
But they must fall who learn to stand.

And how to blend life's varied hues,
What ill to find, what good to lose,
My Father knoweth best to choose.

ALICE CARY: *A Dream of the West.**Composition.]*

LXIII.

It is excellent discipline for an author to feel that he must say all he has to say in the fewest possible words, or his reader is sure to skip them ; and in the plainest possible words, or his reader will certainly misunderstand them. Generally, also, a downright fact may be told in a plain way ; and we want downright facts at the present more than anything else.

RUSKIN.

Hope, Love, and Faith.]

LXIV.

Hope, only Hope, of all that clings
Around us, never spreads her wings ;
Love, though he break his earthly chain,
Still whispers he will come again ;
But Faith, that soars to seek the sky,
Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly,
And find, beyond the smoke and flame,
The cloudless azure whence they came !

HOLMES: *After the Fire.**Reputation.]*

LXV.

And whatever you lend, let it be your money, and not your name. Money you may get again, and, if not, you may contrive to do without it ; name once lost you cannot get again ; and if you contrive to do without it, you had better never have been born.

BULWER-LYTTON.

Contentment.]

LXVI.

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest ;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

I feel no care of coin,
Well-doing is my wealth ;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

SOUTHWELL: *Content and Rich.*

Sunset.]

LXVII.

Sunset ! a hush is in the air,—
Their grey old heads the mountains bare,
As if the winds were saying prayer.

The woodland, with its broad, green wing,
Shuts up the insect-whispering,
And lo ! the Sea gets up to sing.

The last red splendor fades and dies,
And shadows one by one arise
To light the candles of the skies.

O wild-flowers, wet with silver dew !
O woods, with starlight shining through !
My heart is in the West with you.

ALICE CARY : *A Dream of the West.*

Manners.]

LXVIII.

What a rare gift, by the by, is that of manners ! how difficult to define, how much more difficult to impart ! Better for a man to possess them than wealth, beauty, or talent ; they will more than supply all.

BULWER-LYTTON.

A Father's Tear.]

LXIX.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven ;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek,—
'T is that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

SCOTT : *Lady of the Lake.*

Heaven and Earth.]

LXX.

A wide, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs high. A wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low.

D. G. MITCHELL.

Deed and Thought.]

LXXI.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

LONGFELLOW : *Santa Filomena.*

Mind.]

LXXII.

Man carries under his hat a private theatre, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.

CARLYLE.

Life.]

LXXIII.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death.

SHAK.: *Macbeth.**The Heart.]*

LXXIV.

A human heart can never grow old, if it takes a lively interest
 in the pairing of birds, the reproduction of flowers, and the
 changing tints of autumn leaves.

MRS. L. M. CHILD.

Life.]

LXXV.

The shortest life is longest, if 't is best;
 'T is ours to work—to God belongs the rest.
 Our lives are measured by the deeds we do,
 The thoughts we think, the objects we pursue.
 A fair young life poured out upon the sod,
 In the high cause of freedom and of God,
 Though all too short his course and quickly run,
 Is full and glorious as the orb'd sun;
 While he who lives to hoary-headed age
 Oft dies an infant—dies and leaves no sign;
 For he has writ no deed on history's page,
 And unfulfilled is being's great design.

* * *

Head and Heart.]

LXXVI.

Nature is full of freaks, and now puts an old head on young
 shoulders, and then a young heart beating under fourscore winters.

EMERSON.

Life.]

LXXVII.

Lives of great men all remind us,
 We may make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

LONGFELLOW: *Psalm of Life.*

Liberty.]

LXXVIII.

Give me the centralism of liberty ; give me the imperialism of equal rights.

SUMNER.

Freedom.]

LXXIX.

When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century, bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time.

LOWELL : *The Present Crisis.*

Benevolence.]

LXXX.

There is a sort of virtuous selfishness in benevolence ; for the more we live for the good of others, the more we really benefit ourselves.

* * *

Heroism.]

LXXXI.

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So generous is fate ;
But then to stand beside her
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,—
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man.

LOWELL : *Commemoration Ode.*

Sentiment and Science.]

LXXXII.

It is better to inspire the heart with a noble sentiment than to teach the mind a truth of science.

EDWARD BROOKS.

Progress.]

LXXXIII.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range !
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change !

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day ;
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

TENNYSON : *Locksley Hall.*

Emulation.]

LXXXIV.

We should strive to exemplify in our own lives what we most admire in others.

* * *

Living for God.]

LXXXV.

Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light ;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR ; *Maximus.*

God.] LXXXVI.

One and God make a majority.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Success.] LXXXVII.

All true, whole men succeed ; for what is worth
Success's name, unless it be the thought,
The inward surety to have carried out
A noble purpose to a noble end,
Although it be the gallows or the block ?

LOWELL: *A Glance behind the Curtain.*

Truth.] LXXXVIII.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the
sunbeam.

MILTON.

Manhood.] LXXXIX.

For manhood is the one immortal thing
Beneath time's changeful sky ;
And where it lightened once, from age to age,
Men came to learn in grateful pilgrimage,
That length of days is knowing how to die.

LOWELL: *Lexington Ode.*

Monument.] XC.

No man who needs a monument ever ought to have one.

HAWTHORNE.

Hope.] XCI.

Eternal hope ! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade
When all the sister planets are decayed.
When, wrapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou undismayed shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile.

CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

Simplicity.] XCII.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme
excellence is simplicity.

LONGFELLOW.

Duties.] XCIII.

New occasions teach new duties ; time makes ancient good un-
couth ;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of
truth.

LOWELL: *The Present Crisis.*

Education.] XCIV.

Education gives power ; hence it is a blessing or a curse, accord-
ing to how we use it.

Trust in God.]

XCV.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

WHITTIER : *The Eternal Goodness.*

Knowledge.]

XCVI.

It is better to know much of a few things than a little of many things.

EDWARD BROOKS.

Thought.]

XCVII.

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole.

In his wide brain the feeling deep
That struggled on the many's tongue,
Swells to a tide of thought whose surges leap
O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

LOWELL : *An Incident in a R. R. Car.*

Education.]

XCVIII.

It is not so much in buying pictures as in being pictures, that you can encourage a noble school. The best patronage of art is not that which seeks for the pleasure of sentiment in a vague ideality, nor for beauty of form in a marble image, but that which educates your children into living heroes, and binds down the flights and fondnesses of the heart into practical duty and faithful devotion.

RUSKIN.

Literary Fame.]

XCIX.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century ;

But better far it is to speak
 One simple word, which now and then
 Shall waken their free nature in the weak
 And friendless sons of men ;

To write some earnest verse or line,
 Which, seeking not the praise of art,
 Shall make a clearer faith in manhood shine
 In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
 May be forgotten in his day,
 But surely shall be crowned at last with those
 Who live and speak for aye.

LOWELL: *Incident in a R. R. Car.*

Books.]

C.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

MILTON.

Death.]

CI.

There is a reaper whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

LONGFELLOW: *The Reaper and the Flowers.*

Evening.]

CII.

The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
 That my soul cannot resist ;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
 That is not akin to pain,
 And resembles sorrow, only
 As the mist resembles the rain.

LONGFELLOW: *Day is Done.*

God's Livery.]

CIII.

God's livery is a very plain one ; but its wearers have good reason to be content. If it have not so much gold-lace about it as Satan's, it keeps out foul weather better, and is besides a great deal cheaper.

LOWELL.

The Bible.]

CIV.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried;
 When all were false, I found thee true,
 My counsellor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasures give
 That could this volume buy;
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

MORRIS: *My Mother's Bible.**Honesty.]*

CV.

Honesty is the best policy; but he who acts on that principle
 is not an honest man.

WHATELY.

Truth.]

CVI.

Great truths are portions of the soul of man;
 Great souls are portions of eternity;
 Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran
 With lofty message, ran for thee and me;
 For God's law, since the starry song began,
 Hath been, and still forevermore must be,
 That every deed which shall outlast life's span,
 Must goad the soul to be erect and free.

LOWELL: *Sonnet No. 6.**Education.]*

CVII.

Education is the chief defence of nations.

BURKE.

Doubt.]

CVIII.

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out.
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.**Beauty of Character.]*

CIX.

Fine natures are like fine poems; a glance at the first two lines
 suffices for a guess into the beauty that waits for you if you read on.

BULWER-LYTTON.

Faith.]

CX.

I falter where I firmly trod,
 And, falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs
 Which slope through darkness up to God,
 I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

Manners.]

CXI.

Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds.

ALCOTT.

Early Death.]

CXII.

Loveliest of lovely things are they
 On earth, that soonest pass away;
 The rose that lives its little hour,
 Is prized above the sculptured flower;
 Even love, long tried, and cherished long,
 Becomes more tender and more strong
 At thought of that insatiate grave,
 From which its yearnings cannot save.

BRYANT: *A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.**Literature.]*

CXIII.

Literature is the immortality of speech.

WILLMOTT.

Age.¹

CXIV.

I mourn no more my vanished years:
 Beneath a tender rain,
 An April rain of smiles and tears,
 My heart is young again.

The airs of spring may never play
 Among the ripening corn,
 Nor freshness of the flowers of May
 Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
 Through fringed lids to heaven,
 And the pale aster, in the brook
 Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
 The south-wind softly sigh,
 And sweet, calm days in golden haze
 Melt down the amber sky.

WHITTIER: *My Psalm.**Method.]*

CXV.

Method is the hinge of business, and there is no method with
 out order and punctuality.

HANNAH MORE.

Life.]

CXVI.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
 By opposite attractions and desires;
 The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
 And the more noble instinct that aspires.

LONGFELLOW: *Haunted Houses.*

Civility.]

CXVII.

Civility costs nothing, and buys everything.

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Life.]

CXVIII.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

LONGFELLOW: *The Village Blacksmith.*

Manners.]

CXIX.

Striking manners are bad manners.

ROBERT HALL.

Love.]

CXX.

Hid in earth's mines of silver,
Floating in clouds above,
Ringing in Autumn's tempest,
Murmured by every dove,—
One thought fills God's creation,
His own great name of Love.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR: *Two Worlds.*

Affectation.]

CXXI.

Affectation hides three times as many virtues as charity does
sins.

HORACE MANN.

Modesty.]

CXXII.

Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with
nobler virtues.

GOLDSMITH.

Cheerfulness.]

CXXIII.

Do not look for wrong and evil,
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

ALICE CARY.

A Good Heart.]

CXXIV.

If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a
letter of credit.

BULWER-LYTTON.

Love.]

CXXV.

Why is it so difficult to love wisely, so easy to love too well?

MISS BRADDON.

Heaven.]

CXXVI.

Go wing thy flight from star to star,
 From world to luminous world, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
 Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
 And multiply each through endless years,
 One minute of heaven is worth them all.

MOORE: *Lalla Rookh*.*The Good Parson.]*

CXXVII.

And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and *led the way*.

GOLDSMITH: *The Deserted Village*.*Intellects.]*

CXXVIII.

One-story intellects, two-story intellects, three-story intellects with skylights. All fact-collectors who have no aim beyond their facts, are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact-collectors, as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above, through the skylight.

HOLMES.

Life.]

CXXIX.

NEVER AGAIN.

There are gains for all our losses,
 There are balms for all our pain;
 But when youth, the dream, departs,
 It takes something from our hearts,
 And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better
 Under manhood's sterner reign;
 Still we feel that something sweet
 Followed youth with flying feet,
 And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
 And we sigh for it in vain;
 We seek it everywhere,
 On the earth and in the air,
 But it never comes again.

R. H. STODDARD.

Freedom.]

CXXX.

Give me liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all other liberties.

MILTON.

God is Love.]

CXXXI.

To find some sure interpreter
 My spirit vainly tries ;
 I only know that God is love,
 And know that love is wise.

ALICE CARY : *Life's Mystery*.*Beauty.]*

CXXXII.

Beauty, like truth and justice, lives within us ; like virtue, and
 like moral law, it is a companion of the soul.

BANCROFT.

Evening.]

CXXXIII.

See the broad sun forsake the skies,
 Glow on the waves and downward glide ;
 Anon heaven opens all its eyes,
 And star-beams tremble on the tide.

REV. MATHER BYLES, d. 1788.

Civility.]

CXXXIV.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act
 one ; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock
 him down.

DR. S. JOHNSON.

Night.]

CXXXV.

How beautiful this night ! The balmiest sigh
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in Evening's ear,
 Were discord to the speaking quietude
 That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
 Seems like a canopy which Love hath spread
 To curtain her sleeping world.

SHELLEY : *Queen Mab*.*Maternal Influence.]*

CXXXVI.

Men are what their mothers made them.

EMERSON.

Woman.]

CXXXVII.

O woman ! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made ;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou !

SCOTT : *Marmion*.*Mothers.]*

CXXXVIII.

I think it must somewhere be written, that the virtues of moth-
 ers shall, occasionally, be visited on their children, as well as the
 sins of fathers.

DICKENS.

Woman and Man.]

CXXXIX.

For woman is not undeveloped man,
 But diverse : could we make her as the man,
 Sweet love were slain : his dearest bond is this,
 Not like to like, but like in difference.
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;
 The man be more of woman, she of man ;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;
 She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind ;
 Till at the last she set herself to man,
 Like perfect music unto noble words.

TENNYSON: *The Princess*.*Marriage.]*

CXL.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

SWIFT.

New Year's.]

CXLI.

Old Time's great clock, that never stops,
 Nor runs too fast nor slow,
 Hung up amid the worlds of space,
 Where wheeling planets glow,
 Its dial-plate the orbit vast
 Where whirls our mundane sphere,—
 Has pushed its pointer round again,
 And struck another year.

* * *

Woman.]

CXLII.

To be a good woman is better than to be a fine lady. * * *

Woman.]

CXLIII.

"The proper study of mankind is man ;"
 The most perplexing one, no doubt, is woman.

SAXE.

Loveliness.]

CXLIV.

Loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

THOMSON: *The Seasons*.*Goodness.]*

CXLV.

To be good is the mother of *To do good*.

* * *

Woman.]

CXLVI.

Women know
 The way to rear up children (to be just) ;
 They know a simple, merry, tender knack
 Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,

And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles.

MRS. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*.

Hospitality.]

CXLVII.

Let not the emphasis of hospitality be in bed and board; but
let truth and love and honor and courtesy flow in all thy deeds.

EMERSON.

Spring.]

CXLVIII.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

THOMSON: *The Seasons*.

Books.]

CXLIX.

The true University of these days is a collection of books.

CARLYLE.

Moonlight.]

CL.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

SHAKSPEARE: *Mer. of Ven.*

Beauty.]

CLI.

Beauty itself is but the sensible image of the infinite.

BANCROFT.

May.]

CLII.

Oh, the merry May has pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide.
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music,
Like a song with pleasant words.

WILLIS: *May*.

Beauty of Nature.]

CLIII.

Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in every where.

EMERSON.

Night.]

CLIV.

The twilight hours like birds flew by,
 As lightly and as free;
 Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
 Ten thousand in the sea;
 For every wave with dimpled cheek
 That leaped into the air,
 Had caught a star in its embrace,
 And held it trembling there.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

Frost.]

CLV.

What a cunning silversmith is the Frost! The rarest workmanship of Delhi and Genoa copies him but clumsily, as if the fingers of all other artists were thumbs. Fern-work and lace-work and filigree in endless variety, and under it all the water tinkles like a distant guitar, or drums like a tambourine, or gurgles like the tokay of an anchorite's dream.

JAS. RUSSELL LOWELL.

Evening.]

CLVI.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad.
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, Bk. IV.*Autumn.]*

CLVII.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and
 sere;
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
 They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread;
 The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
 And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy
 day.

BRYANT: *Death of the Flowers*.*Life.]*

CLVIII.

A man's life is an appendix to his heart.

SOUTH.

Death.]

CLIX.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS. HEMANS.

Education.]

CLX.

Do not ask if a man has been through college: ask if a college
has been through him; if he is a walking university. CHAPIN.

A Little Girl.]

CLXI.

A Princess from the Fairy Isles,
The very pattern girl of girls,
All covered and embowered in curls,
Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers,
And sailing with soft, silken sails,
From far-off Dreamland into ours.

LONGFELLOW: *Hanging of the Crane.*

Education.]

CLXII.

We speak of educating our children. Do we know that our
children also educate us?

MRS. SIGOURNEY

Barefoot Boy.]

CLXIII.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan;
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy:
I was once a barefoot boy.

WHITTIER.

Tears and Laughter.]

CLXIV.

In a natural state, tears and laughter go hand in hand; for they
are twin-born. Like two children sleeping in one cradle, when
one wakes and stirs, the other wakes also.

BEECHER.

Praying.]

CLXV.

Two went up to pray? Oh, rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray;
One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye;
One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Light from Darkness.]

CLXVI.

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.

CARLYLE.

Whistling Boys.]

CLXVII.

Don't you be afraid, boys,
To whistle loud and long,
Although your quiet sisters
Should call it rude or wrong.

Keep yourselves good-natured,
And if smiling fails,
Ask them if they ever saw
Muzzles on the quails.

So don't you be afraid, boys,
In spite of bar or ban,
To whistle,—it will help you each
To be an honest man.

ALICE CARY: *To the Boys.**Education.]*

CLXVIII.

The true order of learning should be, first, what is necessary; second, what is useful; and third, what is ornamental. To reverse this arrangement is like beginning to build at the top of the edifice.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Death.]

CLXIX.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

LONGFELLOW: *Resignation.**Wit.]*

CLXX.

Wit loses its respect with the good, when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest that plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.

SHERIDAN.

Death of an Infant.]

CLXXI.

There beamed a smile
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet-ring of Heaven.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Books.]

CLXXII.

The past lives but in words; a thousand ages were blank if books had not evoked their ghosts, and kept the pale, unbodied shades to warn us from fleshless lips.

BULWER-LYTTON.

Spiritual Influence.]

CLXXIII.

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate.

LONGFELLOW : *Spanish Student.**Evening Bells.]*

CLXXIV.

Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime !

Those joyous hours are passed away ;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone ;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

MOORE.

Doing Good.]

CLXXV.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth,
and to have it found out by accident.

LAMB.

Death.]

CLXXVI.

THE DEATHBED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied ;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed ; she had
Another morn than ours.

HOOD.

Glorious Life.]

CLXXVII.

Sound, sound the clarion ! fill the fife !
 To all the sensual world proclaim,
 One crowded hour of glorious life
 Is worth an age without a name.

SCOTT.

Death (of Mrs. Lowell).]

CLXXVIII.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
 A shadow on those features fair and thin,
 And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
 Two angels issued where but one went in.

LONGFELLOW : *The Two Angels.**The Past.*]

CLXXIX.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean ;
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
 In looking at the happy autumn fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,—
 Oh ! death in life ! the days that are no more !

TENNYSON : *The Princess.**Cares.*]

CLXXX.

Too much of joy is sorrowful,
 So cares must needs abound ;
 The vine that bears too many flowers
 Will trail upon the ground.

ALICE CARY.

Remembrance.]

CLXXXI.

This is truth the poet sings,
 That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

TENNYSON : *Locksley Hall.**Sensibility.*]

CLXXXII.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
 Through graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility, the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

COWPER.

Sympathy.]

CLXXXII.

No one is so accursed by fate,
 No one so utterly desolate,
 But some heart, though unknown,
 Responds unto his own.

Responds as if, with unseen wings,
An angel touched the quivering strings,
And whispered in his song,
Where hast thou staid so long?

LONGFELLOW : *Endymion*.

Laughter.]

CLXXXIV.

No one who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably depraved.

CARLYLE.

Spring.]

CLXXXV.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast ;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest ;
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove ;
In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

TENNYSON : *Locksley Hall*.

Love.]

CLXXXVI.

If there is anything that keeps the mind open to angel-visits and repels the ministry of ill, it is human love.

WILLIS.

Prayer and Love.]

CLXXXVII.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast ;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

COLERIDGE.

Slander and Anger.]

CLXXXVIII.

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

COLERIDGE.

Social Evils.]

CLXXXIX.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth !
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth !
Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule !
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool !

TENNYSON : *Locksley Hall*.

Birds.]

CXC.

Think, every morning, when the sun peeps through
The dim leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love ;

And when you think of this, remember, too,
 'T is always morning somewhere, and above
 The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
 Somewhere the birds are singing evermore!

LONGFELLOW: *Birds of Killingworth.*

Evening.]

CXCI.

One long bar
 Of purple cloud, on which the evening star
 Shone like a jewel on a scimitar,
 Held the sky's golden gateway. Through the deep
 Hush of the woods a murmur seemed to creep—
 The Schuylkill whispering in a voice of sleep.

WHITTIER: *Penn. Pilgrim.*

Home.]

CXCII.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
 Where all the fireside charities come,—
 The shrine of love and the heaven of life,
 Hallowed by mother or sister or wife.
 However humble the home may be,
 Or tried with sorrow, by Heaven's decree,
 The blessings that never were bought or sold,
 And centre there, are better than gold.

Midnight.]

CXCIII.

'T is midnight's holy hour, and silence now
 Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
 The still and pulseless world.

GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Night.]

CXCIV.

Night, sable goddess, from her ebony throne,
 In rayless majesty now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Sadness and Consolation.]

CXCV.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold and dark and dreary;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;
 The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;
 My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
 Thy fate is the common fate of all ;
 Into each life some rain must fall,
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

LONGFELLOW.

Fulfilment.]

CXCVI.

Sometimes an hour of Fate's serenest weather
 Strikes through our changeful sky its coming beams ;
 Somewhere above us, in elusive ether,
 Waits the fulfilment of our dearest dreams.

So, when the wayward time and gift have blended,
 When hope beholds relinquished visions won,
 The heavens are broken, and a blue more splendid
 Holds in its bosom an enchanted sun.

BAYARD TAYLOR: *Ad Amicos* (from *Home Pastorals*).

Music.]

CXCVII.

I pant for the music which is divine ;
 My soul in its thirst is a dying flower.
 Pour forth the sounds like enchanted wine ;
 Loosen the notes in a silver shower !

SHELLEY.

Music.]

CXCVIII.

That strain again ; it had a dying fall ;
 Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odor.

SHAK.: *Twelfth Night*.

Union and Liberty.]

CXCIX.

Lord of the Universe ! shield us and guide us,
 Trusting thee always through shadow and sun !
 Thou hast united us,—who shall divide us ?
 Keep us, oh, keep us the many in one !
 Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkled with starry light,
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
 While through the sounding sky,
 Loud rings the nation's cry,
 Union and Liberty ! One evermore !

HOLMES.

Cheerfulness.]

CC.

Here 's a sigh to those who love me,
 And a smile to those who hate,
 And whatever sky 's above me,
 Here 's a heart for any fate.

BYRON: *To Tom Moore*.

Sleep.]

CCI.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I.

SAXE.

Bugle Song.]

CCII.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes!—dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear!
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying!
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes!—dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever!
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!
And answer, echoes, answer!—dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON; *The Princess*.*Remembrance.]*

CCIII.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me!

TENNYSON.

Worth.]

CCIV.

True worth is in being, not seeming,—
 In doing, each day that goes by,
 Some little good, not in dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by;
 For whatever men say in their blindness,
 And spite of the fancies of youth,
 There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
 And nothing so royal as truth.

ALICE CARY: *Nobility.*

Love.]

CCV.

The night has a thousand eyes,
 And the day but one;
 Yet the light of the bright world dies
 With the dying sun.
 The mind has a thousand eyes,
 And the heart but one;
 Yet the light of a whole life dies
 When love is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

Unkindness.]

CCVI.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
 Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
 Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
 In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
 God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

JOAQUIN MILLER: *Down into the Dust.*

Decay.]

CCVII.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.

HOLMES: *The One-Hoss Shay.*

Pleasure and Tears.]

CCVIII.

Upon the valley's lap
 The dewy morning throws
 A thousand pearly drops,
 To wake a single rose.
 Thus often, in the course
 Of life's few fleeting years,
 A single pleasure costs
 The soul a thousand tears.

BRYANT: *From the Spanish.*

The Devil.]

CCIX.

There are like to be short graces where the devil plays host.
LAMB

Love.]

CCX.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart ;
 'T is woman's whole existence.
BYRON.

Love.]

CCXI.

The poet's heart is an unlighted torch, which gives no help to
 his footsteps till love has touched it with flame.
LOWELL.

Literature.]

CCXII.

Literature is the thought of thinking souls.
CARLYLE.

CCXIII.

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
 Gang aft agley,
 And leave us nought but grief and pain,
 For promised joy.
BURNS : *To a Mouse.*

Apology.]

CCXIV.

Apology is only egotism wrong side out. Nine times out of
 ten the first thing a man's companions know of his short-comings
 is from his apology.
HOLMES.

Patience.]

CCXV.

There is no crown in the world
 So good as patience ; neither is any peace
 That God puts in our lips to drink as wine,
 More honey-pure, more worthy love's own praise,
 Than that sweet-souled endurance which makes clean
 The iron hands of anger.
SWINBURNE : *The Queen Mother.*

Fear.]

CCXVI.

Fear is the white-lipped sire of subterfuge and treachery.
MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Love of Nature.]

CCXVII.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
WORDSWORTH : *Ode on Immortality.*

Falsehood.]

CCXVIII.

No lie you can speak or act, but it will come, after a longer or
 shorter circulation, like a bill drawn on Nature's reality, and be
 presented there for payment,—with the answer, No effects.
CARLYLE.

Respect for Antiquity.]

CCXIX.

It is one proof of a good education, and of true refinement of feeling, to respect antiquity.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Talkativeness.]

CCXX.

I fear him greatly ;
It is the unwound and ravelled sort of man
That the proof uses worst ; so large of lip
Was never yet secure in spirit.

SWINBURNE.

Knowledge.]

CCXXI.

Knowledge and timber should not be much used until they are seasoned.

HOLMES.

Taking Notes.]

CCXXII.

If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it ;
A chiel 's amang ye takin notes,
And faith he 'll prent it.

BURNS.

A Guilty Conscience.]

CCXXIII.

There is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole.

EMERSON.

Woman.]

CCXXIV.

A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

.

A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH : *She was a Phantom, etc.**Morality.]*

CCXXV.

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning, an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

LONGFELLOW.

Life.]

CCXXVI.

He liveth long who liveth well !
 All other life is short and vain.
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of living most for heavenly gain.
 He liveth long who liveth well !
 All else is being flung away ;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.
 Waste not thy being ; back to Him
 Who freely gave it, freely give ;
 Else is that being but a dream—
 'T is but to be, and not to live.
 Be wise, and use thy wisdom well ;
 Who wisely speaks must live it too.
 He is the wisest who can tell
 How first he *lived*, then *spoke* the true.

Autumn.]

CCXXVII.

Softly o'er the face of nature,
 With an aspect sad and strange,
 Like a passing spell of magic,
 Cometh on the wondrous change,—
 Summer breathing out her brightness,
 Laying by her glowing charms,
 And, with hectic flush of beauty,
 Sinking into Autumn's arms.

EDWARD BROOKS: *Autumn Musings.**Life.*]

CCXXVIII.

Over and over again,
 No matter which way I turn,
 I always find in the book of life
 Some lesson that I must learn ;
 I must take my turn at the mill,
 I must grind out the golden grain,
 I must work at my task with a resolute will,
 Over and over again.

Truth.]

CCXXIX.

Think truly, and thy thought
 Shall the world's famine feed ;
 Speak truly, and thy word
 Shall be a fruitful seed ;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed.

Freedom.]

CCXXX.

O give, great God, to Freedom's waves to ride
 Sublime o'er conquest, avarice and pride;
 To sweep where Pleasure decks her guilty bowers,
 And dark Oppression builds her thick-ribbed towers.

WORDSWORTH.

Speak Gently.]

CCXXXI.

Speak gently! 't is better far
 To rule by love than fear;
 Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
 The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
 The vows that true hearts bind;
 And gently Friendship's accents flow;
 Affection's voice is kind.

.

Speak gently! 't is a little thing
 Dropped in the heart's deep well;
 The good, the joy, which it may bring,
 Eternity shall tell.

G. W. HANGFORD.

Imperishable.]

CCXXXII.

The cruel and the bitter word
 That wounded as it fell,
 The chilling want of sympathy
 We feel, but never tell,
 The hard repulse that chills the heart
 Whose hopes were bounding high,
 In an unfading record kept,—
 These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass; for every hand
 Must find some work to do;
 Lose not a chance to waken love;
 Be firm and just and true.
 So shall a light that cannot fade
 Beam on thee from on high,
 And angel voices say to thee,
 "These things shall never die."

From "All the Year Round."

Systems.]

CCXXXIII.

Our little systems have their day;
 They have their day and cease to be;
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

Woman.]

CCXXXIV.

Be a woman ! on to duty !
 Raise the world from all that 's low ;
 Place high in the social heaven
 Virtue's fair and radiant bow ;
 Lend thy influence to each effort
 That shall raise our nature human ;
 Be not fashion's gilded lady,—
 Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman !

EDWARD BROOKS: *Be a Woman.**A Baby.]*

CCXXXV.

Have you not heard the poets tell
 How came the dainty Babie Bell
 Into this world of ours ?
 The gates of heaven were left ajar ;
 With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
 Wandering out of Paradise,
 She saw this planet, like a star,
 Hung in the glistening depths of even,
 Its bridges running to and fro,
 O'er which the white-winged angels go,
 Bearing the holy dead to heaven ;
 She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
 So light they did not bend the bells
 Of the celestial asphodels !
 They fell like dew upon the flowers ;
 Then all the air grew strangely sweet ;
 And thus came dainty Babie Bell
 Into this world of ours.

T. B. ALDRICH: *Babie Bell.**October.]*

CCXXXVI.

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath,
 When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
 And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
 And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
 Wind of the sunny South ! oh, still delay
 In the gay woods and in the golden air,
 Like to a good old age released from care,
 Journeying, in long serenity away.
 In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
 Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers and brooks,
 And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
 And music of kind voices ever nigh ;
 And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
 Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

BRYANT: *A Sonnet.*

Nature's Influence.]

CCXXXVII.

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

WORDSWORTH: *Tables Turned.**Winter.]*

CCXXXVIII.

SNOW-FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the air,
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
 Silent and soft and slow
 Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
 Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
 Even as the troubled heart doth make
 In the white countenance confession,
 The troubled sky reveals
 The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
 Slowly in silent syllables recorded !
 This is the secret of despair,
 Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
 Now whispered and revealed
 To wood and field. LONGFELLOW.

Wisdom.]

CCXXXIX.

If Wisdom's ways you 'd wisely seek,
 Five things observe with care ;
 Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
 And how, and when, and where.

Union.]

CCXL.

North and South, we are met as brothers ;
 East and West we are wedded as one ;
 Right of each shall secure our mother's ;
 Child of each is her faithful son !
 We give thee heart and hand,
 Our glorious native land,
 For battle has tried thee, and time endears ;
 We will write thy story,
 And keep thy glory
 As pure as of old for a Thousand Years !

BAYARD TAYLOR: *Song of 1876.*

Life.]

CCXLI.

Sow truth, if thou the truth would'st reap;
 Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
 Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
 And find the harvest-home of light.

Dawn.]

CCXLII.

[We give the following extract, though it is long, because we regard it as one of the most sublime passages ever penned by the hand of man.]

As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together: but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

EVERETT.

A River.]

CCXLIII.

That fairy music I never hear,
 Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
 And mark them winding away from sight,
 Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
 While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings
 And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
 But I wish that fate had left me free
 To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
 Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
 And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
 And I envy thy stream, as it glides along
 Through its beautiful banks, in a trance of song.

BRYANT: *Green River.*

The Cows.]

CCXLIV.

When klinge, klangle, klinge,
 Way down the dusky dingle,
 The cows are coming home;
 How sweet and clear and faint and low
 The airy tinklings come and go,
 Like chimings from the far-off tower,
 Or patterings of an April shower
 That makes the daisies grow;
 Ko-ling, ko-lang, ko-linge! klinge,
 Way down the darkening dingle,
 The cows come slowly home;
 And old-time friends and twilight plays
 And starry nights and sunny days
 Come trooping up the misty ways,
 When the cows come home.

Liberty and Union.]

CCXLV.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured; bear for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first, and Union afterwards; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

WEBSTER.

Life.]

CCXLVI.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
 Hold up to earth the torch divine;
 Be what thou prayest to be made;
 Let the great Master's steps be thine.
 Fill up each hour with what will last;
 Buy up the moments as they go;
 The life above, when this is past,
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

SUPPLEMENT.

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[*E.* after a name denotes English. Names not indicated are American. The dagger (†) denotes dead. The *assumed names* are arranged in alphabetical order, the last part of the name, when possible, being placed first.]

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